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The Listener

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A. F. Kersting

St. David's Cathedral (seen from the north-west), the national shrine of Wales, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended divine service last Sunday

In this number:

- Changing Emphasis in Soviet Psychology (John McLeish)
- The Transfiguration of Jesus (The Bishop of London)
- The Curse of Nakaa (Sir Arthur Grimble)



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The Listener

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What is an Office of Profit?

By T. C. THOMAS

ON July 12 the Home Secretary introduced into the Commons a Bill—the House of Commons Disqualification Bill—the purpose of which is to codify and clarify the law relating to disqualification from membership of the House of Commons by reason of holding some office or place under the Crown. The immediate occasion for the Bill arose from the fact that at least two members of the present House appeared to be disqualified from sitting—Mr. J. C. George, member for the Pollock Division of Glasgow, by reason of his chairmanship of the Scottish Slate Industries, and Sir Roland Jennings, member for Hallam, Sheffield, because he was an approved auditor for the purpose of the Friendly Societies Act and similar statutes. But the antecedents of the Bill are in fact much older; indeed, the matter was the subject of a report, published in 1941, of a Select Committee of the House, and it is substantially on their recommendations that the Bill is based.

The present law on this subject has been variously described as confused, unsatisfactory, illogical, and archaic, epithets with which an academic lawyer charged with the duty of instructing his pupils in the mysteries of the English constitution will readily agree. For here indeed is evidence for that observer's remark that in the English House of Commons nothing is what it seems, or seems what it is, seeing that the gentleman called the Speaker is the only one not allowed to speak. The complexity and diversity of the law may be illustrated by the fact that the present Bill will repeal or amend the whole or parts of 109 Acts of Parliament, beginning with one in 1693 and ending with the Crofters (Scotland) Act 1955, the constitutional importance of which, I fear, had eluded many of us.

But to state a principle on which to decide what offices should

disqualify the holder from membership of the House is not so simple as it sounds. Everyone today is agreed that Civil Servants should be disqualified; equally, there is general agreement that the office of Prime Minister should not disqualify. But between these two poles, there is a great period of twilight. However, these two offices—Civil Servants and the Prime Minister—give us a useful starting point, and that is a distinction between non-political offices and political offices. What the Bill does first is to set out five different categories of non-political offices all of which disqualify. First, the Judges—some thirty-seven judicial offices are listed; then, Civil Servants, whether established or not, whether part time or full time; thirdly, members of the armed forces (including now the women's services), though membership of a reserve or auxiliary force does not disqualify. Then, fourthly, members of any police force; and, lastly, members of the legislature of any country outside the Commonwealth.

Having dealt with those five classes of office specifically, the Bill then provides for the new general rule, that any person 'holding a paid office under the Crown' shall be disqualified. Help is given towards answering the questions: when is an office held under the Crown, and when is it a paid office? In general terms, an office is held under the Crown when the holder is appointed by Her Majesty or by any Minister or servant of the Crown. And since the state is now enlarging its sphere as an employer, the Bill also makes provision for the growing number of persons who are members of, or who hold office in, public corporations and nationalised industries under some form of state control. But to be a disqualifying office, not only must it be held 'under the Crown'; it must also be a 'paid' office—which is defined as one in respect of which the holder has received remuneration, or will

in the ordinary course of things receive remuneration. What is more, the Bill provides that 'any benefit which is capable of having a money value assigned to it with reasonable facility, shall be treated as remuneration'.

'Paid office held under the Crown' is, therefore, the general rule, but for greater certainty with regard to certain offices the Bill schedules two lists of named offices. The first list contains those which ought to disqualify from membership but which, on a strict interpretation, might not come within the general rule. They are therefore specifically named as disqualifying offices and include that of Ambassador, Governor of the B.B.C., or a member of a National Broadcasting Council. Local government officers, such as town clerks, are also disqualified. But, equally, there are a number of offices which ought not to disqualify, and lest they should be construed as coming within the general disqualification, they are placed in the second list and expressly stated not to disqualify. This list includes the offices of Justice of the Peace and Queen's Counsel; the Captain of Deal Castle and the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Provost of Eton, as well as one who might easily have been forgotten in such company, namely 'a qualified engineer within the meaning of the Reservoirs (Safety Provisions) Act, 1930'.

The Government Contractor

Before leaving these non-political offices, one further person deserves mention, and that is the government contractor—the man who supplies 20,000 pairs of boots for the army. For a considerable time it was uncertain what contracts with the Crown disqualify the contractor; for example, anyone who was a telephone subscriber was in some sort of contract with the Crown, but clearly all such could not be disqualified. The present law was settled by statute in 1931 so that only contracts to supply the Crown with money to be remitted abroad, or with wares and merchandise for use in the public service, disqualified the contractor while the contract subsisted. The Bill re-enacts this, but contains two features which seem to be new. The first is that a contract to supply goods for immediate delivery at a price not exceeding £100 does not disqualify the supplier. The other, and more interesting innovation, is that the Bill proposes that, where the supplier of such goods is not an individual but a company, any person who has control over that company when the contract is accepted, shall be disqualified. This may raise some nice questions with regard to a director's controlling interest in a company. For what is meant by 'control'? The Bill defines it as the power of a person to secure, by means of the holding of shares or the possession of voting power, that the affairs of the company are conducted in accordance with that person's wishes. It may be asked whether this means legal control—holding at least fifty-one per cent. of the shares; or does it include factual control, for in practice it seems possible for a person to have practical control of a company when holding substantially less than half the shares.

With the holders of non-political offices dealt with, the Bill then turns to the holders of political offices. Clearly the offices of Prime Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer would disqualify under the general rule of 'paid office under the Crown' unless they received separate treatment. That a certain number of Ministers should be members of the House of Commons is essential to the working of our parliamentary system and to the control of the executive by parliament. What the Bill does is to set out some seventy-eight such political offices. The first thirty of them may be called the senior offices and include those of Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Secretary of State, and the holding of any of these does not disqualify, but not more than twenty-seven of these may sit in the House of Commons at the same time. The remaining forty-eight offices—which include those of Attorney-General and Parliamentary Secretary—also do not disqualify. But again, out of the total of seventy-eight posts, senior and junior, not more than seventy may sit in the Commons

at one and the same time. The remainder will no doubt be accommodated in the other place. This total of seventy is in fact some twenty-three more than the number actually sitting in the Commons in 1939 and indicates a tendency, due no doubt to a growing complexity in parliamentary work, for the number of Ministers in the House to increase.

The ancient offices of Steward of Her Majesty's three Chiltern Hundreds and of the Manors of East Hendred, Northstead, and Hempholme, are of course retained and deemed to be paid office under the Crown, thus allowing a member constitutionally to resign. On the other hand, no member of the House of Commons and no person who has been nominated as a candidate for Parliament may be appointed to a disqualifying office without his consent. But here the draftsman clearly had the foresight of a prophet anticipating that when someone who had been nominated as candidate received his papers calling him for military service, he would courteously but firmly say, 'I'm sorry; if you make me a member of the armed forces you will have appointed me to a disqualifying office; and I do not consent'. Such a person will, I fear, find the draftsman one step ahead of him, for it is expressly stated that this rule requiring a person's consent to his appointment to a disqualifying office does not affect the obligation to serve in the armed forces.

Having dealt with all the offices, political and non-political, one further matter remained for the draftsman, and that was to deal with the consequences to a member if he should hold a disqualifying office. To be elected while holding such an office, renders the election void; to be appointed to an office while a member, causes the seat to be vacated. But the most important consequential provision is that which abolishes the Common Informer action. Hitherto, it has been possible for any individual to bring an action against a member disqualified in this way, for the recovery of a penalty of £500 a day for each day on which he has sat while disqualified. In actual fact, the only such actions which have been brought have been against government contractors. In 1913, in such an action, a Common Informer claimed £46,500 against a member of the House of Commons in respect of the ninety-three days on which he had sat. This particular action failed since the plaintiff sued under the wrong statute; but as soon as the court had indicated which would have been the correct statute, another plaintiff successfully sued the same member for £13,000. One may perhaps be permitted to observe that if in fact the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports (held by Sir Winston Churchill) was a disqualifying office, it would have been a crowded court which would have heard, and a plaintiff of more than usual courage who would have brought the action to recover £500 for each day on which he had sat. But the Bill proposes the abolition of the Common Informer action. In place of it, any individual may seek a declaration from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council that a member is disqualified by reason of holding some disqualifying office. The sting in the tail here is that the person seeking the declaration may be required to give security for costs not exceeding £200.

Strange Position of the Clergy

One class of persons coming near to that of an office-holder is not dealt with by the Bill—and that is the clergy. The committee of 1941 had made no recommendations on this matter, so that this part of the law remains unchanged, though it cannot be said to be elegant. Thus clergy of the Church of England and of the Church of Ireland, Scottish ministers and Roman Catholic priests are disqualified. But holders of ecclesiastical office in the Church of Wales and nonconformist ministers are not. Even more curious is the provision of a statute of 1792 that persons attending divine service at Scottish episcopal chapels where the Royal Family are not prayed for, are also disqualified. Here it seems is the last happy hunting ground of the Common Informer. Fortunately, most of us are better occupied than searching for affluent clergy sitting in the House of Commons.—*Home Service*

Great Things from Little Satellites

By ROBERT BOYD

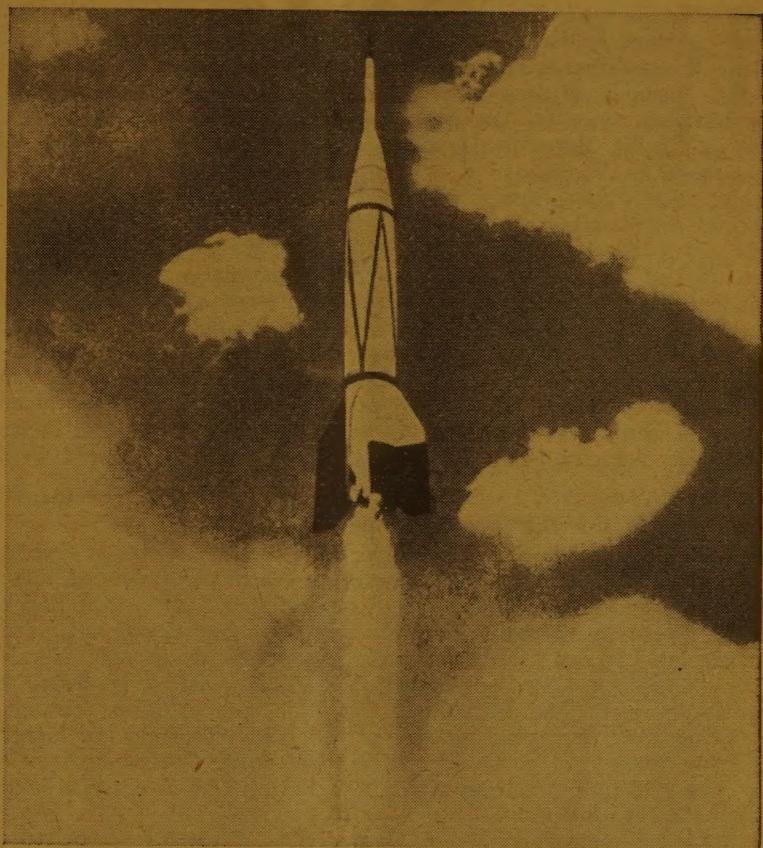
THE eighteen months from July 1957 to December 1958 is to be a period of greatly intensified research and of worldwide co-operation in the study of our globe and its environment in space. Many new and important experiments will be carried out, and of these surely none catches the imagination like the American and Russian plans to create miniature satellites. I must confess that I have been dismayed at the way this announcement has led to the impression that space travel is just round the corner. It is one thing to set 100 pounds rotating on an orbit no higher than the distance from London to Land's End, and to let it disintegrate as it falls into the denser atmosphere, but it is quite another thing to shoot a live man a quarter of a million miles to the desolate vacuum of the moon's surface, to say nothing about the return fare.

I want to try to see these experiments away from the aura of space travel and flying saucers that naturally surrounds them and to assess their value as a means of finding out what it is like high up above the earth. This is the real purpose of the experiments and very important it is too, because although I feel rather sceptical about space travel in the ordinary sense, travel through the high atmosphere is not remote. The inter-continental rocket—at present an all-too-real nightmare weapon—may be the mail ship of the near future or even replace the passenger-carrying aircraft on global journeys. If vehicles are to fly at these altitudes it is important to know the density and temperature of the air in these regions and to learn about the streams of X-rays and ultra-violet light from the sun and of meteors and cosmic rays from space.

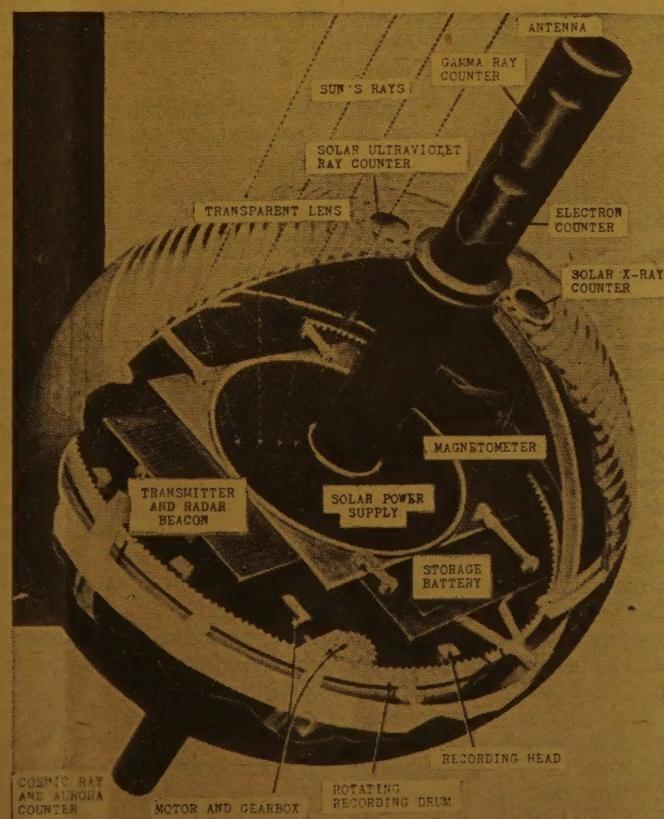
Another practical connection between the upper atmosphere and ourselves is its importance in long-range weather prediction. In fact, with my colleagues, I am at present working on an experiment using rockets to measure the wind at great heights. The annoying fading that so often spoils transatlantic radio is due to a changing electrical condition of the upper atmosphere and is another practical reason for our interest in it.

These things and many others are already being studied with the help of rockets, but for some purposes the very short time they spend in the upper regions is a serious drawback and so the use of a satellite has been proposed. The height of the orbit—the path on which these satellites will travel round the earth—is about 250 miles and has already been reached using a V2, captured at the end of the war, carrying on its nose a smaller rocket. The new experiments will probably use a similar structure, but now yet another rocket will be required to accelerate the satellite to the speed necessary to keep it circulating at this height.

What, then, will these satellites be like and what will they do? One thing is certain; they will be quite unlike the space platform of so much science fiction. The first experiment may simply attempt to launch a nearly solid sphere rather larger than a football. This would provide a good test of the system, while observations by telescope and radar of its passage round the earth would provide information on a surprisingly wide variety of subjects. The slow change in position and size of its orbit would tell us about the density and temperature of the upper air. We might expect to learn, too, about high-altitude winds and so to improve our weather forecasting. Accurate measure-



A small rocket being carried up on the nose of a V2 during an experiment in the United States in 1949: a record height of 242 miles was reached. The American plan for creating miniature satellites 'will probably use a similar structure' with an additional rocket, possibly in the satellite itself, to set it moving at sufficient speed to keep it in its orbit round the earth



A man-made satellite as envisaged by Professor Singer of Maryland University, U.S.A.: it is thought that this may be the type of satellite used as the scheme progresses and experience is gained

ments of the time it takes a satellite to cross the oceans may tell us more exactly how wide they are, while radio reflections could tell us about the electrical state of the atmosphere and perhaps make for better radio reception.

All this and more could be studied with a satellite carrying no instruments at all, but early in the programme we can expect the satellite to carry a small radio transmitter to send back measurements on the sun's rays, or the nature of the atmosphere or cosmic rays. Later, more complex instruments will be carried which will contribute much to our knowledge, both of the earth and the heavens, that no ground observatory could supply. In any case, we can expect great things from these little satellites in the near future. I think of them not so much as a first step to the moon but as a natural development of contemporary techniques, techniques which lead to ever deeper probing and increasingly unveil the wonder and the beauty of the world in which we live.—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Changing Emphasis in Soviet Psychology

By JOHN McLEISH

Five years have elapsed since the famous conference on the work of Pavlov was held in Moscow. At this conference it was agreed that psychology was not making the necessary amount of progress because of the insecurity of its theoretical foundations, since few Soviet psychologists consciously took Pavlov as their guide. But with the appearance recently of a new journal in Russia—*The Problems of Psychology*—psychology seems to be accepted as a fully fledged scientific discipline, on the same footing of Soviet respectability as economics or philosophy or language. This is the only journal devoted entirely to the publication of psychological research in the U.S.S.R. Previously such material was published in philosophical or educational or physiological journals, or it might have been issued as specialist monographs by the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences. This meant that psychology was at a disadvantage as compared with other sciences. Articles had to be given a physiological or philosophical 'slant' before they would be accepted by these other journals, and work would need to be of a high standard, and of an extensive character, before it would be accepted as a monograph.

Difficulties for the Foreign Specialists

Then, also, the foreign student of Soviet psychology was at a great disadvantage. In 1954, for example, the Academy published more than 100 books on educational and psychological topics, including a large proportion of research reports; but this material was not made available to foreign specialists—except that, curiously enough, American journals and abstracting agencies seemed to be able to get as much as they wanted. The articles that one could read in Soviet journals, although very interesting, seemed to be about philosophy, or higher nervous activity, or psychiatry, rather than about psychology. It was necessary to read American abstracts of Soviet work in order to keep some kind of balance.

With the publication of *The Problems of Psychology* it becomes much easier to find out what Soviet psychologists actually do, apart from writing recondite articles on dialectical materialism or on Pavlov's theory of the organism. Empirical research of a high standard, not very different in method and results from work done in our psychological laboratories, is carried out in several Soviet universities and academies. For example, there is Dr. Sokolov's report on the effect of unexpected alteration of environment on such things as skin reflexes, circulation of the blood, and movement; this report, although brief, indicates that significant work on perception and attention is being carried out at Moscow University. This work is in the great tradition of physiological psychology, carried on with the aid of all modern recording apparatus; and it is based on a theory of the organism acceptable to the widest scientific circles. Dr. Zaporozhetz on the development of voluntary movement in children is much less impressive, since his results seem to be generally accepted platitudes of educational and general psychology in this country. But then, again, his work follows in the tradition of objective, empirical research and presents conclusions which are in harmony with the best work on similar lines carried out in Britain, America, and elsewhere. The same can be said about the other reports which deal with empirical research: they are objective, systematic, and are based on a general theory which seems to be a good working framework for laboratory investigations.

This is not to say that Soviet work and the principles underlying it are identical with psychological research in the rest of the world. Investigations are carried out on small numbers of subjects. Soviet scientists in general deny that science should stop at a mere description of the phenomena investigated; or that it should concern itself only with a statement of the way in which events are correlated: they contend, for example, that in studying perception one must be able to explain the various phenomena encountered in terms of a materialistic analysis, that is, as a reflection of material reality and as a manifestation of brain activity. Soviet psychologists are not against statistics but use them very rarely; their method is rather to get from one experimental case a causal description or explanation of the psychological

process being measured. Statistics are regarded as useless when they deal with material in which one does not know what is being measured. For example, according to the Russians, the so-called tests of personality or intelligence are useless. In this connection, the design of experimental studies in Soviet psychology is always of the simplest: indeed compared to some western European techniques, Soviet experiments seem to be crude and old-fashioned. But this is a studied simplicity based on principle.

The report by two of the Soviet delegates, Dr. Zaporozhetz and Dr. Sokolov, who attended the Congress on Psychology at Montreal in June 1954, is interesting in this connection. The particular psychological investigations which interested and impressed the Soviet delegation throw considerable light on the differences between Soviet and other kinds of psychology. The western scientists reported in this Soviet journal are apparently selected on the basis of the degree to which their work can be assimilated to Soviet conceptions and methods of work. This, of course, is an extremely human way for these Soviet observers to behave, and, with this limitation, the reports given are fair and objective, although not uncritical. Perception, movement, sensor processes, conditioned reflexes, and consciousness were the topics of the greatest interest to the Soviet reporters. They were obviously impressed, for instance, by Eysenck on conditioned reflexes in relation to the theory of hysteria; and by Piaget on the development of the idea of space in children. But they criticised the lack of theoretical depth even in the work which impressed them by its relevance and empirical *savoir-faire*. In relation to the Montreal sessions on visual and auditory perception, the Soviet authors suggest that several British and American investigators are beginning to turn to the conditioned reflex theory of sensory process. 'But', they say, 'this progressive trend is working slowly and is still far from being sufficiently partisan'. They also, in the section on consciousness, refer to the desire of several western European and American psychologists to 'state the problem of consciousness in a positive way'. But this, the Russians contend, is found side by side with a crude, mechanistic school which denies consciousness, together with a miscellaneous group of fallacious, idealistic interpretations.

Dialectical Materialism and the Psyche

Professor Rubinstein in his article on 'Psychological Theory', which is given pride of place in the journal, talks more explicitly about the crisis in western psychology, and attributes it to the contemporary crisis of *Weltanschauung* in the west. This article by Professor Rubinstein is an attempt to reconcile the two demands made on Soviet psychologists: first, that they should base their work on dialectical materialism; and secondly, that they should take Pavlov's theories and methods as their model in research and theoretical formulations. The other main article on general psychological theory is by the Ukrainian psychologist Kostyuk, another of the Soviet delegates at the Montreal conference. The article is on 'The Problem of Psychological Laws'. It is a pedestrian exposition of generally accepted theses about the relation between subject and object. The content and aim of the article can be summed up in one of Kostyuk's own sentences:

To solve correctly the problem of the nature of psychological law one must start from the conception of dialectical materialism that the psyche is a quality of matter at a special level of organisation; that it is a function of the brain, consisting in the reflection by it of objective reality.

This particular theme seems to have a peculiar fascination for Soviet psychologists, forming the main content of endless articles and discussions. There is no doubt in my mind that if the thesis could be stripped of its peculiarities, owing to its development in a particular Russian scientific and political context, and presented in neutral terms to non-Soviet psychologists, they would say, almost unanimously; 'But of course: common sense! The plain man's view of metaphysics. But let's get on'.

This seems to me to be the central difference between Soviet and western psychology, and psychologists. We are relatively unconcerned

about the theoretical basis of our work: this is considered to be a matter for individual choice and decision. Whether a man is a Freudian, or a behaviourist, or a Gestaltist, or even an irresponsible eclectic, is not considered to be a relevant question by the majority of western psychologists in assessing the value or otherwise of his research. Because of the tradition of individual choice most western psychologists are in fact eclectics, priding themselves on their tolerance towards, and their borrowings from, even the most incompatible theoreticians. This attitude towards basic theory is, in fact, what Soviet psychologists mean when they talk about the crisis of bourgeois psychology.

The manifesto, or editorial declaration of policy, of the new Soviet journal sets out explicitly the presuppositions of Soviet psychology. Freedom of criticism is considered to be basic since no science can develop without a struggle of opinions. But this does not mean that the journal can be used to revive problems or theories which have already been decisively resolved on the basis of Marxism. The journal, it is contended, must be an organ of ideological firmness, developing the progressive line of militant materialism in psychology. The editors consider that the decision of the Communist Party on questions of ideology was one of the great formative influences in the development of Soviet psychology. The discussion on Pavlov was of almost equal significance in raising psychology to a new level. The task of the journal includes fostering work on practical problems related to socialist construction: for example, questions of moral training, prob-

lems of polytechnical education in the schools, the psychology of work, especially in connection with increasing the productivity of labour, developing work skill habits, and so on. Attention must be given also to foreign psychology. First in order of importance, psychological investigations in the new People's Democracies should be reported and discussed: but psychology in capitalist countries must not be neglected. In the latter case, the writings of psychologists regarded as progressive by Soviet standards must be given attention, to encourage those scientists who carry out their investigations in a materialist spirit. Attention must also be given to the problems of teaching psychology, in both the higher and the middle schools.

It is of interest to notice that the members of the board of the journal are all well-known psychologists, including such men as Luria, Kornilov, and Rubinstein, who were at one time highly regarded by western psychologists, as well as such representatives of the younger generation as Leontiev and Teplov. Luria, Kornilov, and Rubinstein have suffered a great deal of Soviet criticism in the past for their unorthodox views in relation to psychological theory. In the case of Rubinstein at least, it is clear from his article, where he speaks about man's relation to the environment, that he has overcome his past deviations towards Freudianism, and that to some extent the changing emphases in Soviet psychology which accompanied, if they were not caused by, the death of Stalin, have brought his particular ways of thought approval by the majority.—*Third Programme*

Russia's New Attitude to 'Bourgeois' Science

AMONG the more remarkable of recent developments in the Soviet Union is the changed attitude to intellectual, scientific, and technical achievements in the so-called bourgeois countries. A few years ago it amounted almost to heresy to say a good word for anything coming from countries of the imperialist camp unless it could be credited to champions of democracy victimised by reactionary ruling circles. Side by side with this there was a constant emphasis on Soviet priority in every field of human achievement. Comparisons between things Soviet and things bourgeois were always to the disadvantage of the west.

This attitude has now undergone a marked change. From a practical point of view, in boosting Soviet priority in every domain, one may suppose that one of the motives of those responsible for framing Soviet propaganda policy was to bolster up the self-confidence of the Soviet worker, technician, or writer, and to spur him on to bigger and better achievements. If one may draw deductions from the new propaganda policy, one must conclude that the old policy was unsuccessful and that its results were the very opposite to those desired. It is possible to deduce this from the remarks made by Mr. Shepilov, editor of *Pravda*, in his keynote speech on April 22 at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, at a meeting held in celebration of the eighty-fifth anniversary of Lenin's birthday. Mr. Shepilov said:

The Party demands from our scientists, engineers, and technicians that they should not succumb to complacency and conceit, but be constantly abreast of the latest achievements of world science and engineering, introduce new techniques on a wider scale, constantly perfect and advance Soviet science and engineering, fight resolutely against all backwardness, inertia, and routine.

Lenin repeatedly emphasised that in building communism it is necessary to utilise all the knowledge and all the cultural wealth amassed by mankind. A person who loves to repeat general phrases about the homeland and its priority while in reality not advancing, and staying in a rut, is not a patriot. A real patriot is a person who, relying in his work on the most advanced experience in our country, on the entire available world experience in a given field, ensures the actual priority of Soviet science and engineering.

Positive tributes to achievements in the west have been paid by people on a higher level than Mr. Shepilov. In an earlier broadcast this year it was noticed that Mr. Khrushchev himself initiated his campaign for maize as the panacea for the problems of Soviet livestock breeding with a tribute to American agriculture. The fact that this new attitude to positive achievements in the capitalist world has been imposed from above on those responsible for carrying out Soviet propaganda is clear enough. It emerges from a brief summary of the lessons to be drawn from the decisions of the recent plenary sessions of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The summary appeared in an article

published in June in the Central Committee's magazine, *Kommunist*. Here is an extract from it:

The plenary sessions of the Central Committee of the Soviet Union have enriched us with examples of creative Marxism. The Party is opening up new paths, criticising every attempt at belittling the historic role of heavy industry. The Party has emphasised the greatest significance of technical progress and severely condemned an ignorant and haughty attitude to the science and technical achievements of other countries and nations.

An example of such an 'ignorant and haughty attitude' to foreign science was mentioned by the same periodical, *Kommunist*, in May, in a review of articles dealing with controversial subjects in the scientific periodicals. Two years ago the *Journal of Philosophy* published an article by a Soviet philosopher, Mr. A. A. Maximov, attacking Einstein. The article was entitled: 'Struggle for materialism in modern physics'. It was written in the old style and said:

The direction into which scientific development has been led by the theory of relativity is a false one. For this reason we consider it right not only to reject the whole conception of Einstein, but also to substitute another name for the name expressed by the words 'theory of relativity' as applied to problems of space, time, mass and movement for great velocities.

Kommunist now condemns Mr. Maximov's contention, saying:

This nihilist treatment of the question was published in the magazine at a time when many theses of the theory of relativity had already been tested in practice, when new physical problems were being developed on their basis.

At the same time *Kommunist* notes that in recent articles, published in the *Journal of Philosophy*, a change of attitude is apparent:

Articles have subsequently been published in the *Journal of Philosophy*, in which it is correctly affirmed that one should distinguish between the objective contents of the theory of relativity and its subjective interpretation by bourgeois philosophers, by representatives of the idealist school in physics and by Einstein himself.

The subject of what should be the attitude of Soviet scientists and scholars, especially philosophers, to scholarship in capitalist countries was dealt with at greater length by the same magazine, *Kommunist*, two months earlier, in March, in a leading article entitled: 'Urgent problems of philosophy'. The main interest of this article lies in the fact that the old axiom of the total decay of capitalist culture is explicitly brushed aside. As usual on such occasions, the old dogma is not presented as something that was once part of the official creed but now discarded; it is simply denounced as an error perpetrated by misguided individuals. But the fact remains that their heresies were the dominant theme of Soviet propaganda a few years ago.

—From 'The Soviet View' (Third Programme)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Less Fun, More Fuss?

IN a recent lecture, which has now been published by the University of Aberdeen*, Sir Hector Hetherington, Principal of the University of Glasgow, discusses the increasing dependence of the universities upon the state. Whereas before the war only thirty-three per cent. of the funds of the universities came from the government, today the figure is over seventy per cent. It is the Chancellor of the Exchequer and not the Minister of Education who is answerable in parliament for the universities, and the secretary of the University Grants Committee is a Civil Servant usually from the Treasury. It is true that money the government allocates to the universities is administered by the University Grants Committee, but Sir Hector suggests that this high degree of financial dependence inevitably has its repercussions on the life of the universities, while the close relations that now exist between a number of departments of state and the universities also have their influence. It is the declared policy of governments since the war to widen the entry into the universities and already the numbers of students have about doubled. Many students are now supported in one way or another by the state and, Sir Hector says, 'this tighter fitting in of the universities to a national system begins to be reflected in a greater rigidity of university structure, and in a certain change of mood'. The passing of examinations has become a primary objective. 'I just wonder'—this is a striking remark from a university principal—'whether students are not getting into the era of less fun and more fuss'.

We are, of course, living in a pretty serious-minded world. The very act of widening the entry into universities carries with it certain consequences. Students paid for by the state may well feel—and rightly feel—an added sense of responsibility, and in any case they can have their scholarships taken away if they are idle. While the number of students has doubled since the war, the number who obtain first-class degrees has not risen in anything like the same proportion. Men and women work hard to acquire second- or third-class degrees which help them enter the professions, and hard work can as a rule get them those degrees even should they be a little slow in the uptake. In the world of the Welfare State and full employment there are many comfortable berths waiting, so why fool about on the way?

The growing demand for scientific studies may also have contributed to a serious mood (even if hospital students are notorious for 'ragging'). Less than a generation ago a teacher of chemistry reporting for duty to the head of an Oxford College was expected to mend the electric light in the Master's Lodge and to make do with a disused lavatory for his laboratory. Now there are many fine laboratories in Oxford, and although the arts hold their own the expansion of scientific studies has changed the complexion of life even in that home of lost causes. The nature of the scientific curriculum at many universities makes it difficult, as Professor Mott observed in a recent broadcast, for students to find time to dip seriously into the humanities as well. That is an aspect which may also be partly responsible for the change of mood noted by Sir Hector Hetherington. One must not, of course, exaggerate the seriousness of the rising generation. Plenty of them still have fun and diverse interests. Moreover, it is satisfactory that educationists are aware of the problem. For if they themselves recognise that the passing of examinations is not the be-all and end-all of higher education, then surely when the educational revolution that began after the war has been completed, a means will be found of giving all students those splendid opportunities of leisure and wide learning that they can only hope to enjoy before they settle down to the business of earning a living.

What They Are Saying

A warmer climate

THE MAIN THEME in Soviet broadcasts last week was the value of 'contacts between peoples' in further improving the mutual confidence resulting from the Geneva Conference. Scientists, 'cultural workers', and people from various professions in the Soviet Union were brought to the microphone (mainly in broadcasts in English) to stress that, as one Academician put it, 'a cold war between civilised nations . . . is unworthy of our age', and that the Geneva decision on the progressive elimination of barriers to cultural intercourse between east and west was greatly welcomed in the Soviet Union.

To show that there was allegedly no barrier from the Soviet side, statistics were given of the number of delegations that, in the past year or so, had visited the U.S.S.R. and the 'people's democracies', and the number of return delegations. In these statistics, no discrimination was made between western delegations travelling under communist auspices and delegations or individuals who had gone otherwise. In the same way, no discrimination was made, for instance, between cultural contacts being arranged through the British Council and those long made through the auspices of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. Likewise, the Geneva Conference of heads of government was frequently linked with the World Peace Movement. Thus, a Moscow broadcast quoting *Izvestia* emphasised the 'tremendous role' of the World Peace Movement in creating 'the climate in which such significant events as the Geneva Conference . . . became possible', and in expressing the desire of the peoples 'to overcome the artificial barriers set up to hinder exchanges between peoples'. At present, said a Moscow broadcast in Italian, 'there are foreign delegations in most large Soviet towns. . . The Soviets have nothing to hide'.

According to an article by Ehrenburg in *Pravda*, quoted from Moscow, it was no accident that the Geneva Conference had followed upon the Helsinki Peace Assembly: the Peace Partisans Movement had grown to universal stature, and become (according to the accompanying leading article) a mighty force which had to be taken into account by parliaments and the leaders of states. There was also the Movement of Mothers. A Moscow broadcast quoted a speech made at the World Congress of Mothers at Lausanne by Mrs. Monica Felton, who said:

I want all of us to go away from this meeting realising that the future success of the statesmen of the world is going to depend very much on the mothers of the world.

Moscow home listeners were told in a broadcast quoting a *Pravda* dispatch, entitled 'London Today', that a landlady in a Tooley Street public house had told the Soviet correspondent:

The talk now is all about Geneva and the Russians who are coming here. Before, people used to speak about the weather, football and strikes, but now it's all Geneva and the Russians.

And the same correspondent was told by an English friend as they walked round St. Paul's:

Our people are tired of living among the ruins of the last and maybe future wars. You must know that it was they who forced our Government to propose the idea of a meeting at the summit.

'Everything now depends on the action of the simple folk' was the slogan in many broadcasts from the satellites, which emphasised the 'cold war thaw', but warned that the enemies of an easing of international tension were trying to poison the post-Geneva atmosphere. Such were the people who were trying to revive the 'policy of positions of strength', to which, owing to the efforts of the World Peace Movement, Geneva had put an end. Dr. Adenauer, 'the great loser', was the target for many attacks in east German broadcasts. The 'ending of the cold war' was said to have 'cut him to the heart'. He had not only failed to thank the U.S.S.R. for its invitation, but had disclosed that 'he loathed' the idea of such a journey. However, the Geneva directives to the Foreign Ministers were 'point for point a box on the ears for the Federal Chancellor'.

Meanwhile, both east German and Moscow broadcasts insisted that the slogan 'All Germans round one table' was gaining popularity in Germany, where 'the overwhelming majority of people realise that the reunion of Germany is primarily their concern'. A Moscow broadcast stated that at the Soviet leaders' discussions in east Berlin, 'both sides' had agreed that a solution of the German problem would be unthinkable without the participation of the Germans themselves and without a rapprochement between the two Germanys.

Did You Hear That?

THE CREATOR OF LORD'S

THIS YEAR MARKS the bicentenary of the birth of Thomas Lord, of Thirsk, who established Lord's Cricket Ground in 1787. H. S. ALTHAM, Treasurer of the M.C.C. and President of the Hampshire County Cricket Club, spoke in 'At Home and Abroad' about the man whose name is perpetuated throughout the cricket-loving world.

'There is an old story', he said, 'of how a well-known peer of the realm once hailed a taxi, said the one word, "Lords", to the driver, became immersed in the cricket scores of his morning paper and was outraged when the taxi

stopped to find himself not in St. John's Wood Road but in Parliament Square. I am sure that no one today giving the same directions would give a thought to the risk of any such miscarriage: for, not only wherever English is spoken but wherever cricket is played throughout the world, Lord's is synonymous with the ground of the M.C.C. and the focus and headquarters of the game.

Thomas Lord was born at Thirsk in Yorkshire on November 23, 1755. His father was a prosperous yeoman farmer but had lost his lands as a result of supporting Bonny Prince Charlie in the adventure of 1745. As a result, his son, after being educated in Norfolk, went to seek his fortune in London. There he soon established himself, not only as the owner of a successful wine business but as a competent

cricketer who often played as a professional for Middlesex in their inter-county games. He acted, too, as ground bowler and coach to the White Conduit Cricket Club which played on an open field at Islington, and whose members included some of the great patrons of the game. It was two of these, the Earl of Winchelsea and the fourth Duke of Richmond who, in 1786, suggested to Lord that he should establish a private ground for their club and guaranteed him against loss if he did so.

Lord responded at once, rented from the Portman family the Marylebone Field, where Dorset Square now stands, and by the end of May next year had it ready for the first match, in which Middlesex met Essex for 200 guineas a side. A year later, in June 1788, the newly formed Marylebone Cricket Club played its first match there and the lasting identity of Lord's and the M.C.C. had begun.

Now fenced in and with a modest shed for a pavilion, the ground soon became the venue of many great matches, and with as many as 4,000 or 5,000 spectators paying 6d. at the gate its proprietor was doing well. But the northward spread of London was a growing threat to his lease, and as early as 1808 Lord had the foresight to rent a new ground just north of where Marylebone Station now stands. But only eighteen months later parliament decided that the Regent's Canal should be cut right through the middle of it. Undaunted, Lord once again lifted his turf—this time to its present site. In May of 1814 the M.C.C. played and won their first match in what was their third and surely their final home.

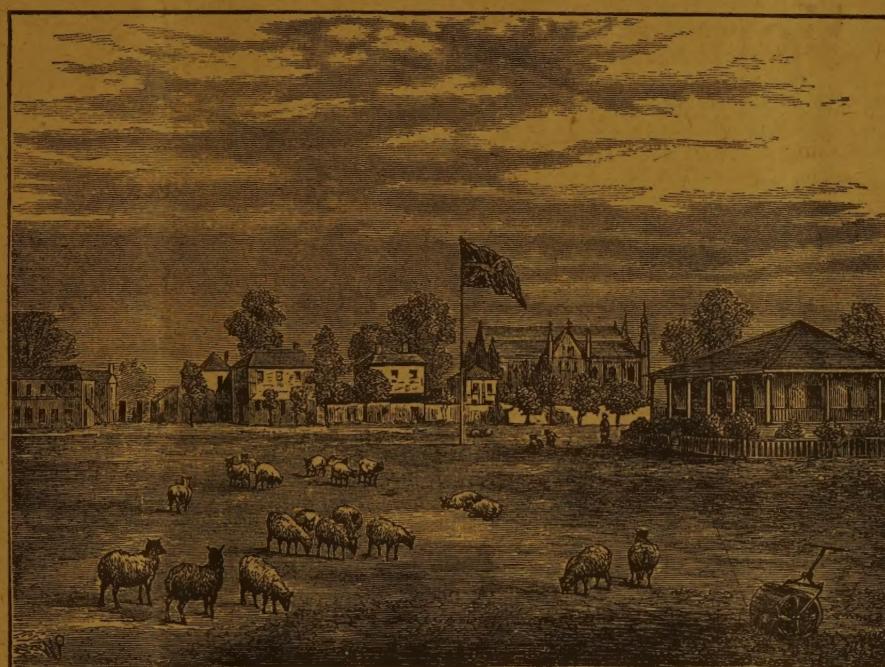
'But how different the setting and amenities then from the great arena which we know today. A ground of ridge and furrow with a pond in front of the present Mound Stand, in which one of the two ground boys taught himself to swim. No boundaries, of course. The Pavilion, a single-room affair, thatched and painted green, could hold only some fifty members—the club numbered no more than 200—and no smoking was allowed in it or, indeed, within twenty-five yards of it. In front sat the professional bookies laying the odds on the chances of the game.

'The only grooming the square received was from a flock of sheep over the weekend and from the knives of the ground boys who attended to the thickest tufts and largest weeds: no wonder that it used to be said that the only thing in which the Lord's wicket resembled a billiard table was its pockets.

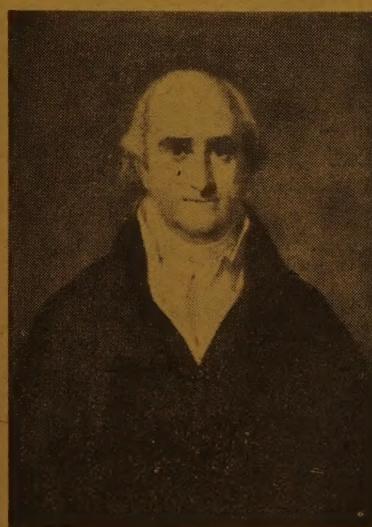
'Such was the ground from which, after disposing of his lease to William Ward, who really saved the ground from being built over, Thomas Lord retired in 1825, first to a house near by, but five years later to West Meon in Hampshire, where he died in 1832.

'Lord's portrait, by an unknown artist, hangs in the Long Room of the M.C.C. pavilion and conveys much of the intelligence, character, and enterprise which marked his life; but never, I feel, even in his dreams, could he have foreseen the day when his name would have become throughout the world synonymous with the game which he played and loved and served'.

Picture Post Library



An engraving of Lord's ground in 1837 and, below, portrait of Thomas Lord, by an unknown artist, in the M.C.C. pavilion



By courtesy of the M.C.C.

SAXON FINDS NEAR WINDSOR

British archaeologists are taking a keen interest in the discovery near Windsor of a huge ditch which is thought to have been dug by the Saxons to cut across a loop of the River Thames. It is regarded as one of the most important archaeological finds of its kind for a long time. A section of the ditch has been uncovered by a team of experienced volunteers, under the direction of Mr. BRIAN HOPKES TAYLOR, the archaeological consultant to the Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works, who spoke about the discovery in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'It is in fact a Saxon canal', he said. 'It cuts off a complete loop of the river here, about three quarters of a mile long, and the timber work uncovered at the bottom is a bridge. It is an unusual find because we have had no major discoveries of Saxon timber work, except perhaps with the Sutton Hoo ship burial, where the complete remains of a ship were found. The canal, I think, was really the main artery of the drainage system, although the level was much higher in those days, and it also helped no doubt in fishing, because fishing formed a major part in the economy of the people who lived here.'

'The site is dated by the finds of pottery and other objects which we have made. Layers of gravel and clay and sand silt have been laid down, but people throughout its history have been throwing their

domestic rubbish into its bed, and there are layers of pottery, one above the other. It is difficult to give a precise date for the original ditch, but it must be somewhere between A.D. 700-750. The bridge itself probably followed within ten years of the cutting of the ditch.

'We have found most interesting remains of huts, complete with all the refuse of the time—which of course is not rubbish nowadays: pottery, bronze pins, bone implements, iron implements; every facet of human activity has been reflected in the things that we have found—spinning and weaving for example, agriculture, and so on. Now, we have a great deal of laboratory work to do, and we hope at the end of it all we shall be able to throw a great deal of new light on the way that these people lived'.

TSCHIFFELY'S RIDE

'It is now thirty years since Aimé Tschiffely undertook his great ride from the Argentine, from Buenos Aires north through all America to New York', said PAT SMYTHE in a talk in the Home Service. 'He was a Swiss, born in Berne. He became a schoolmaster in England, played football as a professional for Lancaster, and was also a boxer. Later, when he went out to the Argentine, he had no difficulty in continuing his career as a schoolmaster, for not only was he good at games but also fluent in several languages. This life suited him particularly because of the long holidays, when he used to ride out alone into the prairies for weeks at a time. It was during these rides that a great idea came to him. He wanted to prove to the world the unequalled and amazing stamina of the Argentine Criollo horses. This breed was descended from the Spanish horses brought to America by the conquistadores, and he decided to ride two horses alternately, one for his baggage, and one for himself, all the way across the prairies northwards, twice over the Andes, among Indians who had never seen a white man before, then into the swamps and ravines dividing the two Americas, up through Mexico, and into the States. Nobody believed that he could accomplish such a ride. His scheme was greeted with scorn and derision, for it was thought to be impossible to endure the physical exertion. To survive the journey it was necessary to fight in one place against the lack of water and in another against the torrential rains, to dodge the hostile Indians, to protect himself against insects and dangerous wild animals, against diseases and a thousand more dangers, and, apart from these problems for the rider, he had to bring his horses through all these trials and changes of climate.'

'Mancha and Gato, the two horses that were lent to him by Dr. Solanet for this great ride, were already sixteen and eighteen years old before they started. However, they were by no means quiet and tame, for the Indians and Gauchos alike had found them difficult to break. Tschiffely studied their characters, and placed his impulsive and unlimited confidence in these horses, and they responded.'

'During the weeks and months after they had left Buenos Aires everybody believed that this crazy man, as they called him, and his horses had perished, but although his ride was slow it was sure. There was no hurry and he had no intention of taking the best or the easiest roads. His main preoccupation was to keep his horses fit and well. To reach their destination, the travellers had to cross the pampas, shelter from snowstorms in the Bolivian Andes, struggle through the desert sands, cross gorges by swinging rope bridges, swim crocodile-infested rivers, and, when once more in civilisation, face the dangers of fast-

moving American traffic. The fantastic extremes of heat and bitter cold, the shortage of food and lack of water, did not deter them any more than did the locusts and the blood-sucking vampire bats that they encountered on their journey. No horse of any other breed could possibly have endured the hardships which these two accepted as a perfectly normal way of life.'

'The whole journey of 10,000 miles took two and a half years. Equipment was simple and, of necessity, sparse. Tschiffely chose the type of saddle used in Uruguay and the northern parts of Argentina. It consisted of a light frame, about two feet long, with a covering of hide stretched over it. It sat easily on the horse and, since it was covered with loose sheep-skins, made a comfortable bed at night with the saddle acting as a pillow. A tent was out of the question because of its weight, so he took a large *poncho*, a woollen cloak with a slit in the middle to put one's head through, which he wore when sleeping out. He also had a large mosquito net shaped like a bell tent, which folded up into a small compact space and weighed practically nothing'.

A WELSH RAILWAY RE-OPENS

For many years before the war, holiday makers in North Wales saw some of the loveliest mountain scenery in that part of the world from the little Festiniog Light Railway. But all that ended when the railway closed down in the war—until now, when a stretch of the line has been reopened. JOHN ORMOND THOMAS, a B.B.C. reporter, went to Portmadoc in Caernarvon for the reopening of the service.

'In high summer', he said in 'Radio Newsreel', 'Portmadoc is such a centre for tourists and holiday makers who want to be near the sea and the mountains that it is a town with scarcely a spare bed. But the original establishment of the light railway had nothing to do with any desire to attract people on holiday. The railway was first opened in 1836 to carry slate from the quarries of Blaenau Festiniog, thirteen miles from Portmadoc and the sea. At one time more than a hundred sailing vessels were registered at



A section of the Festiniog light railway line between Blaenau and Portmadoc

the port, and at the end of the last century carried Welsh slate, famous and sought after for its long weathering qualities, as far as the Baltic and even across the Atlantic to America. Then two factors dealt heavy blows to Portmadoc—the growth in popularity of tiles for roofing and the coming of the steamship. Trade fell off and finally completely away. But there was a compensation. While the railway was carrying slate, and carrying it cheaply because it worked almost entirely by gravity on the way down from the hills, it also built up a passenger trade. A holiday in North Wales was not complete until one had gone to Portmadoc and on the railway to Blaenau. But when the war came only freight was carried, and in 1946 even that stopped. No longer did the tiny, brightly painted coaches rumble after the wildly chugging engines, the "Prince" and the "Welsh Pony"; the grass grew more thickly over the narrow track, and no shrieks echoed in the tunnels as passengers flung their coats over their heads to keep off the smoke.'

'Four years ago a Festiniog Railway Society was formed and its members, all light-railway enthusiasts, have been at work on the track and in the engine sheds, making everything possible move again, with the help of a few paid members of staff. And now their work has come to something, the train chugs again, not in the shed, not in their dreams, but on the narrow rails of part of the permanent way, and work is to go on to re-open further lengths of the line'.

Law in Action

Clean Hands and the Rabbit-catcher

By A BARRISTER

THE case of *Mason v. Clarke* [1955] 2 W.L.R. 853 may be described as a three-handed dispute about the sale of rabbiting rights for a mere £100: yet early this year it found its way up to the House of Lords. The three principal characters were a limited company, a farmer, and a rabbit-catcher. In 1949, the company bought an estate subject to the farmer's tenancy of part of it. Under the terms of the tenancy, all sporting rights were reserved to the landlord, and the farmer was prohibited from enjoying them himself. These provisions, however, left the farmer with the somewhat restricted rights to take hares and rabbits which the *Ground Game Act*, 1880, gave him, subject to certain conditions. In 1950, the farm was infested with rabbits, and the County Agricultural Executive Committee authorised the service of notices on both the farmer and the managing director of the company. Within two days both the farmer and the company had acted. On the one hand, the farmer authorised the committee to carry out what was called 'rabbit destruction work', and on the other hand the company's estate agents had made an agreement on behalf of the company with an expert rabbit-catcher.

'Towards Bailiff's Wages'

This agreement, which was made by word of mouth, gave the rabbit-catcher a year's rabbiting rights over the whole estate for £100. On the same day, the rabbit-catcher went to the office of the company's estate agents and, in return for his cheque for £100, he was given by a girl in the office a receipt, stating that the money had been received 'towards Bailiff's wages' on the estate. Those three mysterious words, 'towards Bailiff's wages', were to prove an expensive misdescription for all concerned.

The agents promptly wrote to the farmer to tell him of the rabbit-catcher's rights over the land, and when the rabbit-catcher visited the farm, the farmer seemed pleased. However, on the same day he wrote to an officer of the County Agricultural Executive Committee saying that he had predicted that the managing director's intention was to preserve the pests until he could make a big price for them, and that his guess had come true. He added: 'For the Lord's sake beat him to it. He has beat you up to now'. This augured ill for any peaceful co-operation between agriculture and hunting, and so it proved.

When a few days later the rabbit-catcher was on the land with three companions, looking for rabbits, the farmer rode up on his horse and, in the words of the rabbit-catcher (which the judge accepted as accurate), 'He behaved like a lunatic. He flew at me. He ordered me off altogether'. At first, the rabbit-catcher refused to accept defeat. But soon he found rivals in his work. Another man, authorised by the farmer, went ferreting with two companions; and the committee, also authorised by the farmer, gassed some of the rabbit holes. Finally, the farmer kicked over some of the snares which the rabbit-catcher had laid; and so the next day the rabbit-catcher removed all his snares and laid no more.

The company and the rabbit-catcher then prepared for battle. Apprehending, no doubt, that the rabbit-catcher's documentary title was imperfect, they sought to put their tackle in order by executing a deed which recited the transaction they had entered into. Within a week the rabbit-catcher had issued a writ against the farmer, claiming damages and an injunction to restrain him from interfering with his rabbiting rights. When the law's delays made it plain that the action was unlikely to be tried before the expiration of the year for which the rabbit-catcher's rights had been granted, the company was joined as co-plaintiffs, and a further injunction was claimed. In that state the case was tried.

The main issue turned on the jurisprudential status of the rabbit-catcher's rights. A grant of sporting rights, whether of fish, fowl, or fur, is in law a grant of a *profit à prendre*, or, for short, a profit. If a profit is granted by deed, the recipient normally gets a legal right, enforceable against the whole world. If the statutory requirement of a deed is not satisfied, however, the grant is not void, but may be enforced in equity. One difference between law and equity is that whereas legal rights are

enforceable as of right, equitable rights can be enforced only on equitable terms. For example, anyone who claims a right in equity can succeed only if he has behaved properly. The old maxim of equity, 'He who comes into equity must come with clean hands', was, the farmer said, decisive of the case. The rabbit-catcher had concurred in accepting a patently false receipt for the £100 which he had paid, for the words 'towards Bailiff's wages' in the receipt could hardly be said to be an accurate or informative description of the transaction. In fact, said the farmer, the payment was described in this way in order to conceal from the Inland Revenue that it was really a receipt of rent. This was a fraud which so tainted the rabbit-catcher that no court of equity would grant him relief.

Before considering how the courts dealt with this argument, I want to say a little about this doctrine of equity. It forms one of the recognised maxims of equity, which are as curious and heterogeneous as equity itself. There are generally accounted to be a dozen or so of such maxims, and although one or two can be traced back to ideas that were current in ancient Rome, for the most part they are of eighteenth-century origin. Equity was then crystallising. At that time, the many individual acts of justice done by particular Chancellors in particular cases in order to meet hardships which the common law did not reach were gradually settling down into a code or system of supplementary justice: and the maxims were generalisations designed to show the vital spark lying behind a series of decisions. Some of the maxims are more appropriate to those days than to the present time. Thus, one maxim, 'Equity will not suffer a wrong to be without a remedy', relates to the moral indignation which centuries ago moved Chancellors to intervene when an inert common law sanctioned injustice. Today, Counsel who sought unprecedented relief in equity with no more support than that of the maxim would achieve small success.

Other maxims lead active and useful lives. Two which are still in full working order are 'He who seeks equity must do equity', and the clean hands maxim. These are complementary. The first looks to the future, the second to the past. The first will deny relief to a plaintiff who, seeking the aid of equity, is not willing to do what equity considers to be right and proper. The 'clean hands' doctrine, on the other hand, looks to the past. Even if a plaintiff's future intentions are of unspotted purity, his previous conduct may cause equity to refuse him her aid. To have this effect, however, there must be some positive ill-doing, and not merely a failure to have attained the high standard of conduct which the Court regards as equitable. Further, a mere general depravity will not suffice; in the words of Chief Baron Eyre in *Dering v. Earl of Winchelsea* (1787) 1 Cox Eq. 318 at 319, the turpitude must 'have an immediate and necessary relation to the Equity sued for'.

Redress for the Confirmed Criminal

In the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Justice Brandeis once put matters thus:

The door of a court is not barred because the plaintiff has committed a crime. The confirmed criminal is as much entitled to redress as his most virtuous fellow citizen; no record of crime, however long, makes one an outlaw. The court's aid is denied only when he who seeks it has violated the law in connection with the very transaction as to which he seeks legal redress. Then aid is denied despite the defendant's wrong. It is denied in order to maintain respect for law; in order to preserve the judicial process from contamination. The rule is one, not of action, but of inaction . . . The objection that the plaintiff comes with unclean hands will be taken by the court itself. It will be taken despite the wish to the contrary of all the parties to the litigation. The court protects itself (*Olmstead v. U.S.*, 227 U.S. 438 at 484 (1928), in a dissenting judgement).

An extreme example of the doctrine is *Everet v. Williams* (1725) 9 L.Q.R. 197. There, one highwayman solemnly brought an action in Equity against another highwayman, claiming that they had carried on their avocations in partnership, and that the defendant would not account to the plaintiff for a fair share of the profits of what were described as 'their joint dealings' at Bagshot, Salisbury, Hampstead,

and elsewhere. The consequences of this ill-advised action were sad. The proceedings were dismissed as scandalous and impudent, the plaintiff's solicitors were attached for contempt and each fined £50, and the plaintiff's counsel was ordered to pay the costs. Within ten years, too, both the plaintiff and the defendant had been hanged, and one of the plaintiff's solicitors had been transported for robbery.

The Locked-out Tenant

So high a degree of uncleanliness is naturally unusual. A more modern and less remarkable instance of the operation of the maxim is provided by *Litvinoff v. Kent* (1918) 34 T.L.R. 298, decided in March, 1918. In January, Litvinoff, acting as a representative of what was then called the Russian People's Government, had taken a tenancy of some offices in Victoria Street, Westminster. He covenanted not to do anything that might become a nuisance or annoyance to adjoining tenants, nor to use the offices for propagandist purposes. In fact, he promptly engaged in active propaganda, and issued circulars addressed to British trade unions, appealing to the working classes to rise in rebellion. The landlord had somewhat imprudently failed to make the tenancy liable to forfeiture for breach of its provisions, but nevertheless he locked the tenant out. The tenant then applied in the Chancery Division for an injunction to restrain the landlord from excluding him from the premises, but Mr. Justice Neville refused it. The tenant's activities were in breach not only of the terms of his tenancy but also of the Defence of the Realm regulations; and to a plaintiff with hands so far from clean as his, equity would not grant its remedy of an injunction, even though the landlord had not been legally entitled to do what he did.

In the United States, the maxim has sometimes been allowed a latitude unlikely to be achieved in the land of its origin. It has even spread into the realms of marriage and divorce. Thus, in some jurisdictions, a man can obtain a decree of nullity of marriage if he shows that he was tricked into marriage by a false assertion of pregnancy. Yet in one case of this kind in New York in 1933, where the wife was a schoolgirl of eighteen and the husband a state trooper of twenty-eight, the court regarded the husband's official status as imposing on him standards of law and morality which he had failed to observe. He was refused a decree, the court saying that the course he had travelled had led him 'far afield from the path which a devotee of the stern dame equity is required to follow as a necessary preliminary to receiving absolution of her shrine'. (*Donovan v. Donovan*, 263 N.Y.S. 336 at 337 (1933).)

But I must return from discussing the maxim in general, and consider its particular application in *Mason v. Clarke*. The trial judge, Mr. Justice Croom-Johnson, rejected the farmer's allegation of fraud, and awarded damages against him: but the Court of Appeal reversed this decision. The main issue was the effect of the words 'towards Bailiff's wages' in the receipt. These words had been inserted on the instructions of the managing director of the company, who had not been called at the trial to explain why he did this, and nobody else had done so. Lord Justice Denning accordingly said:

In the absence of any explanation of this patently false receipt, I can only infer that it was done with a dishonest motive, for why otherwise should a man make a statement which he must have known was false? He did not enquire what precisely was the motive, for it sufficed, he said, that 'it was a false receipt knowingly false, and done with some dishonest motive'. A man who could only produce a strange and suspicious receipt of this kind could claim no assistance from equity: the false receipt tainted the whole of the rabbit-catcher's authority, so that he had no right to go on the land.

Court of Appeal's Judgement

Lord Justice Romer was rather more specific. In place of a general finding of falsity, he reached the conclusion that the only purpose of the words 'towards Bailiff's wages' was to facilitate a fraud on the Inland Revenue, though he did not say how the fraud was to be accomplished. The rabbit-catcher lacked the clean hands required by equity, and so must fail. Lord Justice Somervell simply expressed his agreement with both judgements.

This decision posed some problems as to the degree of uncleanliness required to disable a plaintiff who seeks equity. Does it suffice if the plaintiff, without being party to any fraud, has accepted without protest a false receipt? Is it enough merely to establish the general falsity of a document, without showing any particular dishonest purposes for which it was intended? Will it do to allege an intention to defraud the Inland Revenue without specifying any method by which such a fraud might

be brought about? It is impossible to answer these questions categorically, but on the facts of the particular case, the answer given to each of them by the House of Lords was 'No'.

The leading speech was delivered by Viscount Simonds, who said:

I should hesitate long before saying that a statement is inspired by a dishonest motive if I could not say what that motive was, nor should I say that its purpose was clearly to defraud the Revenue if every attempt to show how the Revenue could be defrauded by it conspicuously failed.

It had been argued that if a person put a wrong description of this kind in a receipt or in his books, it was to be presumed that he did so with some dishonest intention, even if it could not be made clear what that intention was or could have been. 'In other words', said Lord Reid,

vague suspicion is as good—or as bad—as actual evidence of fraudulent or dishonest intention. I am bound to say that this strikes me as both novel and erroneous.

The managing director might have wished to set the £100 paid by the rabbit-catcher against the bailiff's wages in order to justify to some extent the continued employment of a bailiff on an estate which had a small income. This, Lord Reid said, was no more than a possible explanation, but, he added, it seemed to him to be about as probable as that the managing director had hit upon some device to escape tax which no one had yet been able to explain. In fact, as Lord Simonds pointed out, the managing director had been absent abroad when the case was tried; the trial judge had accepted the evidence of both the rabbit-catcher and the company's agent (whose integrity the farmer had never attacked) that they had neither known nor suspected any fraud; and the company's accountant (whose honesty also had not been questioned) had given evidence showing how the £100 would appear as a taxable receipt in the company's records.

Arguments in House of Lords

These circumstances sufficed to remove the taint of fraud from the company. The rabbit-catcher was even further removed from fraud. True, a person who is a knowing party to a fraudulent transaction cannot come into equity with clean hands. But why should not an innocent party? If A, with fraud in his heart, concocts a false document which B enters into in good faith, why should A's guilt taint B's innocence? Why should equity insist that the unwilling victims of fraud have unclean hands which debar them from seeking equitable relief? Such a doctrine would carry the 'clean hands' maxim further than any court had previously carried it, and with no discernible purpose. The judge had accepted the rabbit-catcher's evidence that the wording of the receipt had raised no suspicion of fraud in his mind, and, as Lord Reid observed, if he had had suspicions, what should he have done? Should he have demanded his money back on the ground that he had detected fraud, or suspected it? Such an accusation of fraud, on such flimsy material, would have been both foolish and wrong. He could not escape by seeking a fresh receipt in more normal form, for once he had been fixed with notice of the intended fraud, the transaction was irretrievably tainted.

And so the appeal was allowed. The award of damages to the rabbit-catcher was restored, with some reduction, and an injunction was granted to the company. The moral is not very hard to discern. Whatever may be said or thought in the workaday world, a charge of fraud is one which the law has always required to be supported by cogent proof. In equity, it is true, many faults other than fraud may soil a suppliant's hands: yet mere suspicion is not enough, whether it is general and unspecified, or particular but unexplained.

If the decision of the Court of Appeal had stood, the ambit of the 'clean hands' doctrine, which has never been very clearly defined, might well have expanded to a marked and unpredictable degree. Instead of recoiling only from manifest iniquity, equity might have become an inquisitor, prying out suspected but unproved sin: but the House of Lords has now confined the doctrine to its old limits. And, I might add, the House has also in effect laid down what may be described as a rule of sturdy common sense: if after mature consideration counsel is unable to explain to the courts what fraudulent design lies behind an ineptly-worded document, no rabbit-catcher, however expert, will be blamed for not at once detecting it.—*Third Programme*

Twenty-four coloured plates from John Gould's folios of bird paintings have been selected and published by the Ariel Press under the title of *Mr. Gould's Tropical Birds*. These gorgeous plates are accompanied by descriptions of the birds taken from his original text. Edited and introduced by Eva Mannering, the volume costs 35s.

The Transfiguration of Jesus

By the Rt. Rev. J. W. C. WAND, Bishop of London

THE story of the Transfiguration of Jesus*, as it is given in the synoptic gospels, is what is known as a pericope, that is to say a detachable fragment which was probably moulded into its present form by frequent oral repetition before ever it was incorporated in the written narrative. However, the story is firmly anchored in its present position in all three synoptics. It is clear, moreover, that all three regard it as having a most important relation to the rest of the narrative. In the position where they have placed it it is the culminating point in the Lord's ministry, a climax to which all that precedes it has led up and from which all that follows leads down.

The basic account is given in St. Mark's Gospel. It tells how Jesus, six days after the confession of Peter at Caesarea Philippi, took Peter, James, and John up a high mountain and was 'metamorphosed' before them. His clothes shone with a dazzling whiteness which no human process of bleaching could have produced. The disciples saw Moses and Elijah in conversation with Him, and were terrified. Peter, hardly knowing what he said, nevertheless stammered out that it was good to be there and suggested that they should make three booths or tents, apparently to prolong the visitation. But a cloud descended upon them and out of it they heard a voice: 'This is My beloved Son, listen to Him'. Then suddenly, looking around, they saw that the other figures had disappeared and that Jesus was left alone.

The other two synoptic writers incorporate this account in their own gospels with some minor additions, which they no doubt derived from other sources available to themselves. Thus Matthew adds that the cloud was a bright one and that when the disciples heard the voice issuing from it they fell on their faces, only opening their eyes when Jesus touched them and told them to get up and not to be afraid. Luke is more independent. He alters the time signal from six to 'about' eight days after the preceding events. He adds that the purpose for which Jesus ascended the mountain was to pray, and that it was while He was at prayer that the change in His appearance occurred. He tells us, moreover, that the subject of conversation with the two persons seen 'in glory' was the 'exodus' which Jesus was to accomplish in Jerusalem. He also appends the information that the three disciples had been fast asleep before they became fully awake and saw the glory of Jesus and the two men standing with Him.

It is interesting to notice that neither of the other two evangelists repeats the charming, but rather naive, remark of St. Mark that no earthly laundry could have produced the whiteness of Jesus' garments. Luke's delicacy takes him a stage further than this omission and prevents him from using the word suggesting a 'metamorphosis'. That word might have reminded his Gentile readers of the metamorphoses of the pagan deities. Instead of it he merely says that the appearance of Jesus' countenance 'became other than it was'.

Although the Fourth Gospel omits it, we have a reference to the Transfiguration in a later document of the New Testament. This occurs in II Peter i, 16-18. I will repeat it in my own translation:

We were not telling you a lot of fairy stories when we taught you about the manifestation of the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we were actually eye-witnesses of that revelation of His Majesty. Honour and glory were conferred upon Him by God the Father, when the voice spoke to Him out of the magnificent Cloud of Glory, 'This is My beloved Son in whom I take great pleasure'. That voice I myself heard coming out of Heaven when I was with Him in the sacred mountain.

Modern scholars are not prepared to accept this document as a letter written by the hand of the apostle Peter. It is always possible, however, that it may contain genuine reminiscences of him. In any case the passage is interesting as showing that a tradition of the Transfiguration was well preserved in the early generations of Christianity. This is specially shown in the fact that the 'high mountain' of the synoptics on which the event took place has already become 'the sacred mountain' or 'the holy mount'. In other words the event is so well known and is regarded as of such a character that it has already caused the spot where it occurred to be numbered among the sacred sites, the holy places of Christianity.

Such, then, is the documentary evidence as far as the New Testament is concerned. It is, I suggest, sufficient to guarantee that

at least something happened. We must try to decide what. We can reject at once, like St. Luke before us, the suggestion that we have here a piece of pagan mythology, a purely imaginary description of the way in which gods can appear as men or men as gods. Such a metamorphosis would be entirely alien from the spirit of the gospels, which claim to establish themselves securely in history. For the same reason we can reject the view of the French scholar Loisy, who regards the whole story as symbolic. He taunts the commentators who try to discover the exact site of the incident with mistaken ingenuity. Whatever he may say, the evangelists at least believed that this was a real event, happening at a particular place and time: it is emphatically not something that belongs merely to the land where the rainbow ends.

Let us recognise, however, that in a matter of this kind we are not likely to reach a completely scientific explanation. An event which, *ex hypothesi*, touches the supra-natural does not submit itself readily to terms that are proper to the natural sphere. At the same time we need not be more credulous than we are expected to be. We are not, for instance, expected to believe that Moses and Elijah rose from the dead and stood beside the Lord, or that their words were heard by the physical ears of the disciples. If the event were wholly on the material plane of reality we should be tempted to ask how the disciples recognised the two Old Testament worthies. You and I could the more easily do so because we have often had before our eyes artistic repre-



'The Transfiguration', by Giovanni Bellini: in the National Museum, Naples

sentations of these two figures. But the contemporaries of our Lord had no such aids to recognition. In Judaism, portraits and sculptures were taboo. No one was allowed to break the second commandment by making such representations. There would, therefore, be no conventional likenesses by which the disciples would be able to identify the ancient heroes of their race.

The conviction that the Transfiguration does not belong altogether to the physical plane is reinforced by a word from the gospel itself. According to St. Matthew, as they were descending the mountain Jesus said to the disciples 'Tell no one the vision, until the Son of Man is raised from the dead'. I suppose that the term 'vision' could mean no more than St. Mark's version of our Lord's words 'What you have seen', but it seems, more likely that St. Matthew, if the word be his rather than our Lord's, is deliberately removing any possibility of misapprehension and giving to the word *horama*, or vision, the same sense as St. Peter does in Acts ii, 5, 'I saw in a trance a vision'. In other words, what was seen and heard is removed from the purely physical to the psychic plane.

It is interesting to notice in this connection that one of the commonest explanations of the Transfiguration today is that it really belongs to the post-resurrection appearances of our Lord, and has somehow got misplaced and put into the middle of His ministry. There is, so far as I know, no real evidence for this, apart from that contained in an apocryphal book known as 'The Apocalypse of Peter'. Indeed, some scholars, of whom the late Bishop of Oxford was one, take the opposite view, that the stories of the post-resurrection appearances have been modelled to some extent on the Transfiguration. However that may be, the fact that competent scholars can identify this as one of the appearances of the risen Christ is additional reason, if such were needed, for affirming that we are here dealing with something other than a purely physical phenomenon. This, of course, does not mean that it was a hallucination. St. Paul had a *horama*, a vision, on the Damascus Road, and it changed his whole life for good. It would be absurd to think that it corresponded to no reality. But there is perhaps no need to argue this point. The idea of veridical visions, that is of visions that are not illusions but correspond to reality, even if the reality is other than physical, is a common one today. They belong to the sphere of the psychologist rather than to that of the oculist, but their possibility would be denied by no one who is not an intransigent materialist.

The specially interesting thing about this particular vision is that it was seen by three witnesses at once. That is admittedly more rare than visions seen by an isolated individual. Nevertheless it is not unknown. When men have been through the same training together and have been subjected to the same emotional stress, they are in the mood to share a common psychological experience. It would be natural if, when they came afterwards to compare notes, their individual descriptions of what they saw or heard began to assimilate themselves to one another. In the present case the disciples' ponderings on the meaning of this extraordinary event might help them to identify the champions of the Law and Prophets. The fact that both Moses and Elijah had come to unusual ends without human burial would make the identification all the easier, and the legend of the assumption of Moses as well as the story of the translation of Elijah would probably clinch the matter. The fact that both had been expected to act as precursors of the Messiah would add verisimilitude to the conclusion.

The Son of Man and the Suffering Servant

There is a further circumstance that gives an air of naturalness to the whole of this narrative and its setting. It is generally agreed that psychological experiences of this kind most commonly arise out of a situation that has prepared the way for them. We have already been told that the subject of discussion between Jesus and His disciples was the nature of His Messiahship. To explain it He had linked together two well-known but apparently contradictory conceptions, that of the Son of Man and that of the Suffering Servant. The notion commonly associated with the title Son of Man was that of a heavenly being who would descend with clouds of glory for the delivery of his nation from their foes. The notion commonly associated with the Suffering Servant was that of a despised and rejected saint who died vicariously for his people as described in Isaiah LIII. It was as they were still wrestling with this unresolved paradox that the vision appeared to the chosen three. It was calculated to remove all their doubt. The changed appearance of Jesus, the luminous cloud of glory, the voice from Heaven, gave the most vivid confirmation of His Messiahship. The appearance of leading representatives of the Law and Prophets, and

the subject of their conversation, gave assurance that although the path to glory lay through suffering, all was in accordance with the long-determined plan of God. The vision was a pictorial representation of the very truths that they had found so difficult to assimilate.

In answer, then, to our question, we take it that what actually happened was a veridical vision, a psychological experience in which the Master and His three disciples shared. All that the Scriptures ask us to believe in addition to this is that it was no mere superficial event of an accidental character but due to a deep, underlying cause, the divine ordering of human affairs.

There is no doubt that in the view of the synoptics the occasion was indeed critical. They place the Transfiguration at the very turning-point of the Lord's ministry. Jesus had attained the height of His popularity with the feeding of the multitudes. He had withdrawn His disciples for an extended tour, during which He could enlighten them fully as to His person and mission. He had drawn from St. Peter the declaration of faith in Him as Messiah, and He had tried unavailingly to make the disciples realise that He must be a *suffering* Messiah. It was at this point that the experience on the Mount was granted. Its first effect must have been to affirm the claim to Messiahship. This indeed is actually asserted in the words that were heard from the midst of the cloud, 'This is My beloved Son, hear ye Him': that is to say, 'Jesus really is the chosen Messiah; you can accept His authority as superseding that of Moses and Elijah, the Law and the Prophets'.

'The Daughter of the Voice'

To hear a supernatural voice is as common among ecstasies as to see a vision. Socrates and Joan of Arc are the two people best known to history who made such a claim on their own behalf. Among the Hebrews it was believed that Jehovah, who had hidden Himself from public gaze, who had even withdrawn the Angel of His presence and had ceased from direct speech with His people, nevertheless allowed specially favoured individuals from time to time to hear what the Hebrews called the *Bath Qol*, 'the daughter of the voice'—that is to say, the echo of His words. It was such an echo that was heard now, as it had been at Jesus' baptism, and its purport was to vindicate the divine authority of His mission. Later generations saw other meanings in the Transfiguration. The writer of II Peter seems to have regarded it as a prophetic foretaste of the Second Coming. He told his readers to keep it in their memory as a guarantee of the glory still to come. It is possible that we find a reflection of the same thought in the Book of Revelation. The Seer, you remember, in his vision on Patmos, saw 'one like a son of man . . . his head and his hair were white as wool, white as snow; his eyes were like a flame of fire, and his feet were like burnished bronze, refined as in a furnace'. Similarly the 'two witnesses' who are mentioned in the eleventh chapter of the same book, and who have power to prevent the rain from falling and to smite the earth with every plague, are often identified with the Elijah and Moses of the Transfiguration scene.

But the Biblical writer who uses the language of Transfiguration most intensively is St. Paul. He applies it specifically to the change from an earthly to a heavenly form which the Christian will experience at the end of the world. 'Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump'. He affirms that that change is already going on in those whose regard is fixed steadfastly upon the glorified Christ. 'We all, with unveiled face, beholding the glory of the Lord, are being changed into his likeness from one degree of glory to another'. Therefore it is possible for him to exhort his Roman readers: 'Do not conform to this world, but be transfigured by the renewal of your mind'. This change in the very texture of our substance which has already begun is a sign that we are members of the New Age. If this was the kind of language customary among Christians, what more natural than to think of the Transfiguration of Jesus as a sign that in Him the New Age had already been inaugurated? Still later writers saw in the Transfiguration a graphic illustration of the meaning of the Incarnation. The radiance of the person of Jesus was interpreted as His divinity shining through the veil of the human flesh.

Thus, while it cannot be said that the Transfiguration is in any sense a keystone of the Christian faith, it is much more than a mere ornament. Beautiful and poetic as the story is, the event itself performs a definitely useful function in showing how life can be transformed by being deliberately submitted to the purposes of God. 'Goodness', we say, 'shines by its own light', and it can make incandescent everything

that is pervaded by it. Professor C. H. Dodd points out how our everyday language reflects this thought. We talk about the way in which a situation can be 'transfigured' by the entry of a person of outstanding character. But we can transform or transfigure a situation only by being ourselves transformed. St. Paul, at least, thought that a transfigured character must develop its own appropriate bodily

expression. In this he is supported by St. John, who taught that however difficult the spiritual body might be to describe, it would ultimately be like that of God Himself. 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is'. That will be the last, the final, transfiguration for every believer.—*Third Programme*

The First Channel Flight

A story of triumph and failure by COLLINSON OWEN

THIS is a story nearly half-a-century old—forty-six years, to be exact—the story of the first Channel flight; of a historic triumph but also of two dramatic failures. Everyone has heard of Blériot, who succeeded. Many will have forgotten, or not even heard of, Hubert Latham, who twice failed, once six days before Blériot's triumph, and again just after.

In those days of 1909 I was a young newspaper correspondent in Paris; a wonderful city then, not yet smothered in motor-cars. It was a wonderful world. Mr. Lenin had not yet been heard of, nor Mr. Stalin, nor Corporal Hitler. But of course the Kaiser was very well known, and on that to some degree hangs this story. The aeroplane had come to France, and many serious Frenchmen, even some Englishmen, were saying, 'Ah, this will make Germany think a bit!' And among the famous aviation names then in every mind in France a new one came—Hubert Latham, or, as the French called him, Lattam. Down at Mourmelon-le-Grand on the great plain of Châlons he was flying a beautiful new monoplane—the 'Antoinette'—which fired all imaginations.

I decided to go to see him at work. A long railway ride, a carriage along a country road, the wide plain, and then—a great roar in the air and a tremendous sight. Flying towards and over me, looking very like the monoplane Leonardo da Vinci sketched 400 years before, came the new monarch of the skies. I stood up in the carriage and tried to out-yell the fifty-horse-power engine. Latham was flying at a great height—close on 150 feet. Within an hour I was talking with him. He was twenty-six, slightly stooping, at times icily reserved, always smoking a cigarette: very attractive, but not a volatile Frenchman. Indeed, he was of English extraction and had been to Oxford. His English was slightly stilted—perhaps an affectation. He made it clear that he was French, knew that all France was watching him, felt that the whole world would shortly be doing the same. Several times I saw him fly, once or twice for more than an hour. Then, a few weeks later, came the news that he was going to attempt the Channel.

On a vile midsummer night I went to Calais. Latham's quarters were in huts on the cliff top near the ruined engine house of the partially dug Channel tunnel—old and very new history side by side. His engineer-inventor Levavasseur, maker of both plane and engine, burly, red-bearded, and jovial, was with him; also a group of smart Parisiennes, all adorers of Latham. The newspaper hawks were gathering, from France, Germany, America, Britain. I, as one who had seen Latham fly at Mourmelon, was accepted as an expert. Weeks passed, mostly filthy weather, and some moderate weather. Then, one fine morning, Latham made a short trial flight over land. The hundred or so watching were all ecstatic about the 'Antoinette'; at once we became experts and optimists. All those many days a destroyer was waiting on Latham's and Levavasseur's decision. There was also a big tug awaiting at the docks to fish the aircraft out of the sea should it ever be needed.

One night I decided to wait for dawn on the tug. The weather looked promising. More than that, I had decided that Latham's nerve was near breaking point. There was strain between him and Levavas-

seur, who had man and machine to think of. And Latham knew it was time to give the world results. An acquaintance of mine in the hotel, a marine surveyor from England, came to see a damaged ship, jumped at the offer to accompany me on the tug. My invited friend carried an imposing camera. A few hours later it was snapping scenes which could not be matched in the long history of transport.

For Latham did fly that morning, and as the dawn came, and the



Hubert Latham flying over the English Channel in his monoplane 'Antoinette' during his first attempt at a crossing, July 1909



Latham's plane, badly damaged, being landed at Calais

sun, we saw the destroyer racing out, then the glint of silver wings, high in air, and we pounded after. Think of it—an airship over the sea, the first since time began! Then we saw the destroyer stand almost on its propellers, switch violently to starboard and everybody on the tug—not many of us—was yelling that he must be down. He was. At last we plodded up. There, standing at the destroyer's rail in seaman's clothes, was Latham. The 'Antoinette' lay like a huge albatross flat on the water, its nose secured to the warship. Thank heaven, it seemed undamaged. The excitement and the shouting were terrific. As our tug secured the tail, a French sailor jumped from the destroyer down through a wing. I had seen one of those wings made; a fairy network of cabinet-making, built on the system of the Eiffel Tower; delicate as a bird's wing, but very strong, with five kinds of wood in it. The crazy sailor knocked a thousand pieces into the water. Then the ironic sea joined in the fun, pushed our big tug broadside on to the destroyer. There was a crash of timber which really was sickening. In an instant tens of thousands of wing fragments lay on the blue water.

So, an hour or so later, our tug steamed into Calais, the shattered albatross hanging high from a derrick, and ashore, in hot sunshine,

tens of thousands of people watching, silent. Then the rush to a chemist to get the films developed; more excitement, because the chemist, having seen what was in his hands, did not want to lose them; the rush for the afternoon boat, and so to Dover, to London, with four or five columns to write about the first aeroplane to hit the sea.

So back to Calais. Latham was going to try again. Much the same thing, though we watchers were now rather more expert than ever, Latham rather more reserved, Levavasseur serious indeed, all joviality gone. The first 'plane should have been salved, and he now had to risk a second. Then something very dramatic, almost frightening: Blériot came on the scene with his absurd little monoplane—not a bit like the beautiful new 'Antoinette' now waiting under its tent up near the old engine house a mile away. Blériot's machine had a three-cylinder Anzani engine, of only a few horse power, and at the most had flown sixteen miles across country; not twenty-five miles across the sea. More, he had hurt himself recently in a 'plane accident, and was using crutches for a burnt leg. Worse even than all this, in its way, the little aircraft was wheeled for the night into a large hen-house! What mixed feelings they must have had up at Latham's headquarters!

We old hands were not going to be caught napping by this determined looking Blériot, and on that Sunday morning our cars begin to collect outside his hen-house. Dawn comes, fine and calm; and it comes out of its hangar. Of course we expected that hours would pass while things were done; we were used to that. But! what's this? Blériot, with that bold eagle nose of his, sitting in his seat already, looks very intent. Next thing, by heaven, he drops his crutches overboard. You're not going to tell us that he's ready for a practice flight. But he is! He's rolling along—he's up! Sweeping round in a wide circle—height about 100 feet. At this rate he'll be off to Dover before he is many days older! He descends, comes to rest close by, and aren't we—we experts—talking! That old story comes up again of what may happen when an aircraft—especially a small one like this—flies off over a cliff edge. The upward draught from the sea would very likely overturn it as it goes over the edge.

Blériot still sits in his 'plane, seeming to give instructions. The 'plane moves again. You're certainly not going to tell us that without destroyer, without crutches, he's going to . . . But, by all the surprises of time, he is off over that cliff edge, his adventurous nose pointed to Dover. We rushed to string ourselves along the cliff, gazing after the mad adventurer. Below, the French destroyer, very much caught napping, was force-draughting itself to get steam up. I was standing between two well-known men, sharing the same telescope: the Hon. C. S. Rolls, whose name was already on a certain motor-car, and Robert Loraine, the actor, both soon to make their own flying history. Strange to think now that, not many months after that electric moment, Rolls himself flew the Channel, both ways, and within the year was killed flying at Bournemouth; that within about a year later Loraine flew the Irish Sea.

But, just then, all of us were thinking only of those astonishing moments of time as the small 'plane diminished to a speck, then, in ten or twelve minutes, was gone in slight mist. Then uproar broke out. Our cars charged up the coast road. Soon Latham and Levavasseur emerged from their beds to hear the terrible news; that Blériot was half-way to England, perhaps already there. Both were stricken, and showed it. The few scores of us stood to wait for news outside the engine house. Inside it was a scientist, Thorne Baker, whom I knew well, and he was sitting by a strange machine called a wireless telegraph with which he could communicate instantly with Dover, and Dover with him. With such a machine as this, and such a man as Blériot about, what days we were living in!

Time passed, a long time. We became anxious. At length I heard Latham say, 'I do hope nothing has happened to him'. What was he really thinking? After all, if Blériot also failed, and was happily

rescued from the Channel, Latham could still be the world's hero. But at last a man ran from the engine house and cried out that Blériot was having breakfast in the Lord Warden hotel. So then, England had at last seen its first real cross-channel 'plane—its most exciting invasion since 1066. There was a cheer in which Latham tried to join. But it was hopeless. Here and there some were exulting that Blériot had won. In a few moments Latham was frankly in tears. Levavasseur put his arm around him. . . . All that time the mechanics had been working furiously on the new machine. Latham was now burning to go—at once. The machine was wheeled up sloping ground to the take-off. But wind was rising, and Levavasseur showed his deep anxiety. Latham was now in his seat. Engine trouble followed. Then the discussion between the two men became almost a quarrel. Levavasseur looked over the Channel. There were white horses all over it. As I have said, he had man and machine to think of. If you like, machine and man. He gave his final No. So, broken, dejected, hero and engineer walked, separately, to their headquarters. The story of the Channel Flight was over.

So to Dover, and London, and another four or five columns to greet the new world. Two days later I was once again on the way back to

Paris. At Dover I saw signs of excitement, asked the cause, and was told 'Latham's flying again'. I dashed to the beach, and there, only about three miles out, the second 'Antoinette' was coming strongly in. Bravo, Latham! fine fellow, you've done it this time. And then—no, it's not possible—the 'plane seems to be slanting down. It is, and a mile out hits the water with a mighty splash. Boats dash out. He is brought in, within a few feet of where I stand. He looks terrible, and this time there is a big cut, bleeding, on his forehead. I do not speak to him. This is no time to say 'To what do you attribute your second failure, Mr. Latham?' I had seen his engine run an hour and more. Less than half that, and he would have been

France's hero. I am thinking of

Levavasseur too. This will break him badly. So once again back to London, and a column or so on what now seemed a mere postscript to the great triumph of another man. Latham had had no luck. In my own way I had had a great deal. No other man had witnessed those three historic scenes of mid-Channel, the Calais cliffs, and Dover.

Despite their ill fortune both men fought back hard. A month later, at the famous first flying meeting at Rheims, Latham did well. Two months after that Levavasseur told me at his factory that he was to build a seaworthy 'plane to take Latham to Africa. But both men and 'plane faded from the public eye. Latham, still an enigma, went to the Congo to shoot big game. Was it to cure a broken heart? Anyhow, a charging buffalo killed him. Poor Latham: after all, he started all ocean flying. Ten years later Allcock and Browne flew the Atlantic. Now, millions every year fly thousands of miles in a few hours. One other thing is certain: not even Latham or Levavasseur, nor C. S. Rolls nor Loraine, thought so far ahead as this on that early morning when Blériot threw his crutches overboard, and took to the air—and the sea.—*Home Service*

Mr. Golding, having followed in the steps of Moses the Law-Giver and Moses the Conqueror, has now, in *Good-bye to Ithaca* (Hutchinson, 21s.), essayed the more difficult task of visiting the more dubious landfalls of the *Odyssey*. Troy and Ithaca are identifiable but the ports between are conjectural. *Good-bye to Ithaca* will appeal more to Golding-fans than to Homeric fans; for the image of the wily Odysseus gains neither precision nor vividness for being reflected in Mr. Golding's ebullient personality. On his own adventures and those of his companion, Edward, Mr. Golding carries more conviction. The photographs are beautiful, especially the two of Djerba, which the author plausibly identifies with the land of the lotus-eaters, the lotus being, according to him and Rawlinson, the Rhamnus, from whose fruit, tasting and looking like a bad crab-apple, is made a drowsy liquor. With characteristic patriotism, Mr. Golding suggests that in Homer's time as today this drink was made only by the Jews.



End of Latham's second attempt: 'Antoinette' in the sea near Dover

Self-government in the Commonwealth—V

Staffing the Public Services

By SIR IVOR JENNINGS

IHAVE spent so much time on the problems of a plural society that I have not yet mentioned one of the most difficult obstacles on the road to self-government, the staffing of the public services. The notion that a country is governed by its politicians is fallacious. The task of the politician is not to govern but to supervise government, to take decisions on questions of principle which are submitted to him, and to maintain a close relation between public opinion and public administration. The actual business of government is the function of professional administrators and technical experts. This elementary fact is masked in the United Kingdom by the stability of our governments, the speed with which a new government is formed when its predecessor resigns, and the close relations between the officials and their political superiors. The French Republic shows the situation more clearly. The changes of government are frequent; there are frequent 'crises' when superficially France has no government at all. Nevertheless, the process of raising taxes and administering services is carried on without intermission and with very little change of policy.

The Politician and the Post Office

This is equally true of Britain, though the machine functions so smoothly that it is hardly noticed. The part played in it by the politician is important but small. The best example is the Post Office, a complicated organisation which can go on carrying the mails, running the telegraph and telephone systems, operating a saving bank, issuing licences, making social service payments, and performing a mass of miscellaneous functions, whether or not there is a Postmaster-General. It does over £3,000,000,000 of business a year under the control of a permanent official who has a vast organisation under him. Only a few questions of principle are submitted to the Postmaster-General. His concern is with policy. He is responsible for the efficiency of his Department, but he does not administer. The permanent officials run the machine, and that machine may consist of hundreds of thousands of them. We have to transfer that machine to local political control.

The pattern of the public service varies from territory to territory. Let me take the example of Ceylon as it was at the end of its colonial days, partly because it is a small country and therefore easy to describe, but also because in respect of its public service it was almost a model colony. I must simplify the arrangements to make them intelligible.

At the lowest level were the labourers engaged on public works, irrigation schemes, the railways, etc. No standard of education was required, and many were in fact illiterate, though Ceylon had an unusually high rate of literacy. Above them were the peons or attendants who had had some education, usually in a local language, for as much as eight or nine years. Some of them could speak a little English and a few could even read it. Ceylon was, however, again rather an exception because about ten per cent. of the males could read and write English, and so a spoken knowledge of that language was more widespread than in India or Pakistan. It will be noticed that this class corresponds to what used to be called the elementary school class in England.

The next group consisted of the clerks, who could read and write English and carry out routine administration under supervision. Most of them could type. Nearly all had passed the School Certificate examination using English as medium. The best of this group became very good administrators, and a few achieved positions of eminence. With the clerks must be associated persons in the technical grades, such as overseers engaged on public works, technical assistants in laboratories, technical staff on the railways, and so forth. In addition to their general educational qualifications, they had had some technical training, perhaps on the job, perhaps under a training scheme operated by a Government Department, perhaps in a technical college. The greatest weakness of the Ceylon system was, and still is, in this grade. The facilities for technical education were too few and the standard of technical skill was too low. Most Ceylonese consider, not unreasonably, that the economic progress of the country would have been greater and the standard of living higher if the colonial government had paid more attention to technical training.

Finally, we come to what are called 'staff officers'. There were two main groups. First, there were the general administrative officers corresponding to the administrative class of the civil service in the United Kingdom. Almost all were university graduates, admitted to the service by an examination of degree standard, but including a *viva voce* examination. There were, however, administrators outside this particular class of a somewhat lower academic level. Some were graduates and some had the equivalent of a London Intermediate examination qualification. The other large group consisted of professional men, such as doctors, lawyers, engineers, accountants, veterinary surgeons, scientists, and so forth. Generally speaking, they were required to have a qualification which would be recognised by a professional body in England.

For the sake of simplicity I have left out some groups, but what I have tried to show is the relation between the public service and educational development. There have to be thousands of public servants at all educational levels, from the primary school to the university, and so it is essential to the development of self-government that there should be a comprehensive educational system. What is more, it must exist for at least a generation before self-government is conferred, because the public servants of one generation are the schoolboys of the previous generation. The senior administrators, for instance, were at the university thirty years ago. This assumes, of course, that all the public servants are local men.

This brings me to the root of the problem. In Ceylon it was called 'Ceylonisation', and in Africa it would be called 'Africanisation': but in Africa the position is complicated by the needs of the Asians, many of whom have been in the territory for three generations. I propose to use the term 'native' to mean a person born and bred in the country concerned, whether he is European, Asian, or African. The term has been perverted in South Africa and elsewhere to mean an African, and it is generally regarded by colonial people as objectionable because it carries a stigma. I use it in the sense that I am a native of England, because otherwise one has to use long words like 'indigenous inhabitant'.

It is obvious that every colonial government has to rely heavily on natives. Expatriates from the United Kingdom and elsewhere have to be paid high salaries in order that good men may be attracted. They have to be given frequent home leave, and so a larger cadre has to be provided and passages paid for. In tropical countries there is usually a rapid lowering of efficiency after the age of fifty, the age of retirement is low, and so the expense of pensions must be high. Imported officers expect a standard of comfort at least equal to that in Britain, and accordingly expensive housing facilities have to be provided. Since there is usually no hire-purchase system in a colony, the Government may have to provide loans for furniture and transport. At the lower levels, therefore, the employment of natives is essential, and the problem in this respect, which I shall discuss in my next talk, is to develop an adequate educational system. At the higher levels, too, there is an economic incentive towards the replacement of imported staff by native staff, apart from the inevitable nationalist demand that natives be employed. There are, however, certain psychological factors which tend to retard this development.

A Problem of Insularity

In spite of his world-wide responsibilities, the average Englishman is very insular. He likes to mix with people of his own kind, and even at home he can live next door to a man for twenty years and never get beyond a polite 'good morning'. The Scots and the Irish are a little more flexible, but they have many English habits. In a colonial territory these habits generally result in the segregation of the Europeans into a small community. So far as government officials are concerned, this segregation is not due, as is sometimes alleged, to colour prejudice; but simply to the fact that when they are off duty they like to go to the club and mix with people who share their likes and dislikes and who both actually and metaphorically speak their own language.

(continued on page 220)

NEWS DIARY

August 3-9

Wednesday, August 3

The Bulgarian Government broadcasts a statement about the shooting down of the Israeli aircraft

The international astro-nautical federation discusses space travel at a meeting in Copenhagen

The Soviet Government asks Dr. Adenauer to make his proposed visit to Moscow within the next few weeks

Thursday, August 4

Marshal Bulganin in a report to the Supreme Soviet states that the Geneva Conference marks a turning point in Russia's relations with the west

The French Prime Minister and Foreign Minister accept an invitation to visit Moscow

The eleven American airmen released from prison in Communist China arrive in the Philippines

Friday, August 5

Half a million Civil Servants are granted an increase in pay

Marshal Bulganin in another speech to the Supreme Soviet says that Russia will study President Eisenhower's proposals for exchanging information about armaments

A Franco-German trade agreement is signed in Paris

Saturday, August 6

H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh begin a three-day visit to Wales

The British Government protests to the Chinese Nationalists in Formosa about an air attack on a cargo ship off the Chinese mainland

The British Isles rugby football team beats South Africa in the first of four test matches by 23 points to 22

Sunday, August 7

The international atomic exhibition is opened in Geneva by the Secretary-General of the United Nations

The Government in South Korea demands that the truce supervisory commission leaves the country by next Saturday

Marshal Bulganin entertains western diplomats and newspaper correspondents to a garden party near Moscow

Monday, August 8

Conference on peaceful uses of atomic energy opens at Geneva. Details of American offer to sell uranium metal and heavy water are announced

Mr. Suhrawardy, leader of Awami League, appointed Prime Minister of Pakistan

Tuesday, August 9

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visit the Isle of Man

Soviet scientists speak at Geneva about Russia's first atomic power plant

Further demonstrations are made in South Korea against supervisory commission



The eleven American airmen who were released last week by the Chinese after more than two years' captivity crossing the border into Hong Kong on August 4



H.M.S. *Vengeance*, the aircraft-carrier which has been on loan to Australia for two-and-a-half years, arriving at Portsmouth on August 5



A drawing of a model atomic electric power station: this model is one of the British exhibits at the international conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy opened at Geneva on August 8; 1,200 scientists from seventy-two countries are attending



Spring oats being cut on a farm near Newmarket



The Duke of Edinburgh leaving St. David's Cathedral, Pembroke, attending a service there on August 7 during their three-day visit to Wales. On August 8 Her Majesty opened the completed building of the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth



A photograph taken during the football match between Spartak and Wolverhampton Wanderers in Moscow on August 7. Spartak won by three goals to nil. On August 12 the British team will play Moscow Dynamo



Oppes, a member of the Italian team who won the Aga Khan Cup at the Horse Show last week, taking a jump on 'Pagora' during the competition



Renoir's villa at Cagnes-sur-Mer, Provence. An exhibition of Renoir's work is now being held in Paris to help to raise the money to buy the house and its surroundings for the nation



Fine summer has made it possible for farmers to begin the harvest early this year



Volkswagen forming the words 'Eine Million' last week to mark the millionth car produced at Germany's biggest motor-car works, the Volkswagen factory at Wolfsburg

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The appointment of a native staff officer to a small out-station complicates these arrangements and produces some social embarrassments. Though he is likely to be a graduate of an English university and himself socially acceptable, he has to be a very adaptable person if he can fit in as well as another European. Though he is in his own country, he has really joined a small foreign community. Even if he is adaptable, however, it is probable that his wife is not. Possibly, she does not even speak English. Even if she does it is unlikely that her social conventions allow her to mix as freely and as easily as a European woman. At a later stage, when most of the senior officials are natives, it is the European who has to be adaptable.

It is, however, inevitable that at the earlier stage there should be some reluctance to allow a native to succeed to a post held by a European. Consequently, though the necessity for employing natives is accepted in theory, there is some resistance to it in practice. Everybody agrees that local people ought to be appointed, but preferably in some other station or some other department. In this station or that department there are a dozen reasons why a European should be appointed. Some of these reasons may be sound. For reasons which I shall explain in my next talk, the European is often better suited to the job than a native with equivalent qualifications. This cannot be laid down as an absolute rule, because sometimes the reverse is true. The African or the Asian may have a much better knowledge of the people than the imported official. Again this is not an absolute rule, as those who have read Kipling's story of the Bengali who was appointed to the Frontier will appreciate.

A Resistance To Be Overcome

This resistance to Africanisation, or whatever it is, has to be overcome. Apart from other considerations, the economic development of the country requires that the heavy burden of official salaries be lightened as soon as possible. We are more concerned with the political considerations, and above all with the necessity for having a strong locally-staffed public service before self-government is granted. This needs some explanation.

It cannot be said that the imported official is unwilling to serve under local politicians. There are plenty of examples in the Commonwealth, and indeed it is becoming rather the rule than the exception. Nevertheless, some adjustments have to be made on both sides. The organisation of the colonial service in a Crown Colony is hierarchical. The official is responsible through the head of his department and the Colonial Secretary to the Governor and the Secretary of State. If he is senior enough, he may have to sit in the Legislative Council and work with local politicians: but at this stage the chain of responsibility is unchanged. In the simplest form of change-over to responsible government, the official becomes responsible through the head of his department and the Permanent Secretary to the Minister.

Whether the Minister is European, Asian, or African, the process of government under ministerial control is very different from that under official control. Under the Crown Colony system the Governor is responsible for policy but, since he cannot have a positive policy in respect of every aspect of administration, the senior official has a much larger discretion than he can expect to have under ministerial control, where the Minister is responsible for policy. Even under responsible government the official has to take decisions, but they must be taken within the ambit of ministerial policy. Decisions of political importance too have to be taken by the Minister himself: and this means that the official has not merely to decide what is right, but also to persuade his Minister that it is right, which is a more difficult job because many administrators find difficulty in explaining technical matters sufficiently simply to enable a non-expert Minister, who may indeed be inexperienced as well as non-expert, to grasp the essential arguments upon which a decision must be based. Even junior officials have to attend ministerial conferences at which decisions are taken, and to draft memoranda for Ministers to read. Whereas a lengthy document may be needed to convince a senior official, it must usually be short, plain, and simple for a Minister who has no time to read a long rigmarole, has no expert knowledge, and who is concerned more with the political implications of a proposal than with its technicalities. Further, important decisions are conveyed not by documents signed by the official, but by documents signed by the Minister, which the official has to draft. The Minister is a layman who is unwise to claim technical knowledge. He is also a politician who has a political reputation to make or maintain. Hence the official must not only be able to say what the

Minister wants said, but also to say it in the manner in which the Minister wants it said.

All this has no direct connection with the problem of superseding imported officials by local officials, but it has an important indirect connection. If there is a rapid transition between colonial government and self-government it is necessary to replace one set of officials by another. Some will be transferred to other colonies, and some will be allowed to retire on favourable terms. Since in the long run native officials must be employed, it is wise to replace the imported officials by native officials as soon as possible. It will not be possible in all cases. Ceylon imported a number of European officials after independence, though usually on short-term contracts. Pakistan encouraged a considerable number of the former Indian Civil Service to rejoin the public service of Pakistan, because there was a real shortage of Pakistani officials.

There are, however, other reasons for effecting the change as soon as possible. Public opinion always demands it. Self-government looks spurious when local politicians have to work through imported officials. What is more, there is usually a strong communist group which is unwilling to admit that Lenin was wrong in his assertion that a colonial power could be forced to give up control but would not give it up voluntarily. Nor does easy transition from colonial government to self-government suit communist tactics. It will, therefore, be said that the independence is a fake, that the British are continuing to govern through their stooges, the local politicians who do not accept the communist thesis, and that the white capitalists are simply paying the brown capitalists to look after their economic interests. Self-government has not only to be real; it has also to look real; and it does not look real if the same imported officials do the same jobs as before.

Moreover, the local politicians will probably have some suspicion of the European officials. The achievement of self-government almost invariably lags behind the demand for it. It is almost inevitable that the process of change should be slower than the vocal nationalists desire. Hence the nationalist politicians who achieve power will probably have spent years in criticising, and perhaps in criticising fiercely, the very officials to whom they have to give instructions when they come into power. Naturally there is embarrassment on both sides.

It follows that the substitution of native officials for imported officials is an essential part of the process of developing self-government. Inevitably this takes a considerable time. A young man of twenty-five, recently graduated, can rarely replace an administrator who has had thirty years' experience. Nobody likes to be selected for the young surgeon's first operation or to have his case pleaded by a young barrister who has just been called to the Bar. The process of administration is equally complicated, and there is great danger in putting it into inexperienced hands.

Where Self-government Is Accorded Too Quickly

Unfortunately, that will happen if self-government is accorded too quickly. It appears to have happened in Burma. Most of the officials in pre-war Burma were Europeans and Indians. When independence was achieved it was thought necessary to replace them by Burmans, few of whom had much experience. In India the services had been in large measure Indianised by 1947, but a great many senior officials had to be pensioned off and professional experts were kept on for a short time only. It is generally agreed that, on the technical side at least, there was some deterioration of standards. Pakistan recruited a number of the European officials who had served in undivided India, though not many are left eight years later.

Ceylon effected the transfer most easily. There had been a definite Ceylonisation policy, insisted upon by the legislature, for fifteen years. When independence came in 1947 the younger Europeans asked to be transferred to other colonies. Some of the older men retired on favourable terms—they were given credit for five years' service, so that an official who would normally have retired on full pension at the age of fifty-five could retire on the same pension at the age of fifty. A small but important minority remained. Among the fourteen Permanent Secretaries, for instance, four were European, including the Secretary to the Treasury, who was the senior official in the public service. It happened, however, that Ceylon had a large local staff. Few non-Ceylonese had been recruited after 1934, and nearly all of them were professional men with special qualifications which were rare in Ceylon. In the medical service, for instance, every official was a Ceylonese because there had been good facilities for local training since 1870 and the Ceylonese had shown themselves to be good physicians,

surgeons, and obstetricians. On the other hand, European engineers had to be recruited because there had not been adequate facilities for them to be trained academically and given the necessary practical experience.

It will be seen that the problem is primarily educational, and accordingly I shall discuss it in my next talk. For the present it is essential to emphasise that it is necessary to have a public service which is staffed in large measure by local officials. To do this requires not only ample educational facilities, but also a whole generation of experience. To confer self-government merely because there are competent politicians available is to invite difficulties in practical administration. Good government is not a substitute for self-government; but if self-government were to be granted too soon, with the result that the machinery of law and order or the economic arrangements of the country broke down, the result would be not self-government but either anarchy or dictatorship. A dictatorship under the control of the Parliament of the United Kingdom is one thing; a dictatorship by a local boss, uncontrolled by anything except his own conscience, if he has one, and the fear of rebellion, is something quite different.

Those of us who have seen British colonial government in action cannot accept the assertion commonly implied in the words 'imperialism' and 'colonialism'. It is not a means for grinding down the

local population in order to provide jobs for British people or profits for British capitalists. It is an attempt to govern in the interests of the inhabitants until they are capable of governing themselves, and it is usually heavily subsidised by the British taxpayer. When it is superseded, it has to be superseded by something better. Self-government, if it really is self-government, is better than autocratic government by a Governor and a nominated council. To substitute an irresponsible dictator for a responsible public servant is not to confer self-government. Nor must it be forgotten that usually we are dealing with plural societies in which the peace is maintained between competing groups because it is the Queen's peace. Until those competing groups develop the larger patriotism which is needed for self-government, the British Governor and his officials, native as well as imported, supply the cement which keeps the country together.

Hence there cannot be effective self-government until there are both local politicians concerned with the welfare of the country as a whole and a locally-recruited public service capable of running the complicated machinery of the modern state. The former is easier to obtain than the latter, and so there is always a time lag between the development of a strong nationalist movement and the provision of an adequate public service. How that time lag can be shortened is the subject of my next talk.—*Third Programme*

The Curse of Nakaa

By SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE

WHEN the rains came regularly to Ocean Island, no habitation of man in the wide Pacific could have been more beautifully bowered than our four little villages in the dark green of forests and the flung foam of scarlet and crimson petals. But every seven or eight years there came a drought, and that might mean no rain for twelve, or twenty, or even thirty months. Then, not a green thing was to be seen anywhere. Even the deep-rooted forest of calophyllum trees that covered the island's middle was stripped of all its leaves. Our 2,000 acres of phosphate and coral rock lay flinging back the sun's savage heat in a white-hot column to heaven.

The worst of all remembered droughts happened back in the eighteen-seventies. An uneasy silence used to fall upon the older villagers when you mentioned that one in their hearing. It was not until I had known them for sixteen years that old Eri told me of the horrors it had meant for his people. He gave me his story, then only because it sprang naturally from a pathetic request which, as native magistrate of the island, he had been deputed to make on behalf of the older villagers.

The big local phosphate mining concern had recently asked for a 100-acre extension of its diggings, and a party of young men was heckling the council of elders about the price to be demanded for the concession. Eri came to me deeply disturbed. 'Nobody will want to pay the young men's price for our dust', he put it, 'and that will be the end of our hope of buying a better home than this for our grandchildren to inherit. So, in the end, the curse of Nakaa will rest upon their heads also.'

'The curse of Nakaa?', I echoed blankly. 'What are you talking about, Eri?' 'About the great drought', he said, and that launched him on his story.

'I was a young man then, and my parents, who lived in Uma village, had arranged for me to take a wife from Buakonikai. She was a girl

named Marawa, very beautiful in my eyes, and we were to be married at the full of the fourth moon of the season of the Pleiades. But when the third moon went out, and for three months no rain had fallen, her father said to mine: "You will need your son to fish for you and we shall need Marawa to fetch water for us now that a drought has set in". And my father answered, "Even so. Let there be no marriage until the rains return".

'Our hearts were sore at that and my mother tried to comfort us, saying, "Patience. The drought will soon end". But it did not end; and even when the sun showed a full year gone we knew that it would not break yet, for the rain clouds at sea, from which we had contrived to collect water up to then, ceased to come near us. Then our council of elders issued an edict: "From now on, let no household take more than one coconut shell of water a day from the water-holes".

The water-holes he spoke of were in the fantastic series of chambers and corridors, chimneys and passages, that riddled the heart of Ocean Island, here rising to the light of day, there twisting amid

festooned tree-roots through the middle depths, and again plunging deep through the bowels of the rock to the edge of echoing abysses. Wherever the rain, soaking through topsoil and phosphate dust into this dark labyrinth, could find a pan or a pocket to lie in, there it accumulated, trickle by trickle, through seasons of plenty, untouched by the villagers until the hour of need.

'So the water was made to last for another whole year', the old man went on; 'but long before the next solstice in the south our food trees were gone; not one stood living in the land. We had nothing but fish to eat, and the fish often stayed so far from our shores that for many days together there was none to be caught anywhere. We were already half starved when the drought sickness came, that white men call beriberi. People's gums rotted in their mouths; their teeth fell out; their bodies were covered in ulcers. They fell in the pathways and died



there; and where they died, their bodies remained, for who was strong enough to carry corpses home for burial rites? So the curse of Nakaa rested on the land'.

It was strange to hear a man like Eri, stern old pillar of the Protestant mission that he was, talk of the curse of a pagan god as if he believed in it. Nakaa, so the ancient myth had it, was the all-seeing guardian of the gate between the worlds of the living and the dead, who, in the beginning of time, had decreed eternal torture by impalement in his pit for those who neglected the funeral rites of their own kin. 'But Eri', I protested, 'a Christian like you can't fear Nakaa or his curses any longer'.

'Nakaa is a spirit of darkness', he answered earnestly. 'Shall any man do away with him by becoming a Christian? And how shall we forget our unburied dead? These walk like ghosts in our hearts for ever'. And then, after a long silence: 'In the middle of the third year, when the water-holes were nearly dry, word came from Buakonikai that Marawa's parents had died. Things were a little better for us in Uma than in Buakonikai; Uma is by the sea; we had found seaweed to suck, and some said that this protected us against the sickness. But we were very weak. I was the only one of our house who could walk a hundred paces. So my mother said to me, "Go now to Buakonikai. Speak to the brother of Marawa's father and, if he will let her go, bring her to us here. So, from this drought you shall have a wife and I a daughter".

'At her words, the strength came back to my legs. I made nothing of the long walk to Buakonikai. I came to the house of Marawa's father's brother. My heart said to me, "Now you will see her". But alas! when I lifted the screen to enter, she was not there. Only her father's brother was within, and he was dead. And the stink of corruption was everywhere around me as I walked through the village to her father's house.

'I found her with her parents. She had laid their bodies side by side and herself at their feet. The sickness was heavy upon her. Her lips were black and her body eaten with ulcers. But she was still beautiful for me. I think she had been asleep before I entered; but when I lifted the screen she awoke and smiled at me, saying, "I knew I should see you again," and tried to sit up, but fell back looking into my eyes as I sat down beside her. She smiled again and sighed very slow and deep. The smile stayed on her lips. I waited for her to speak again. But she never broke her silence. She was dead.

'I laid her beside her mother, her feet towards the west. I lifted her head from behind between my hands and looked down into her eyes. So, bending over her, I whispered the spell called The Lifting of the Head, to make her way straight into the land of our ancestors'.

He paused a long while, remembering. I did not presume to ask him then what magic words he had whispered over his dead love; but, months later, he gave them to me of his own accord, and this is how they ran:

I lift your head, I straighten your way, for you are going home, Marawa, Marawa,

Home to Innang and Mwaiku, to Roro and Bouru.
You will pass over the sea of Manra in your canoe with
pandanus fruit for food;
You will find harbour under the lee of Matang and
Abaiti in the west,
Even the homes of your ancestors.

Return not to your body; leave it never to return, for you
are going home, Marawa, Marawa.
And so, Farewell for a moon or two, a season or two.
Farewell! Your way is straight; you shall not be led astray.
Blessings and peace go with you. Blessings and peace.

'So I brought no daughter to my mother', the old man said, suddenly coming out of his silence. 'Time went on. The water-holes were dry, but the rain clouds at sea had returned. Also, we of Uma village went down to the reef at low tide and lay covered with mats in shallow pools, so that our skins drank in the wetness. And on a day, I took my mother with me to a pool under the lee of certain rocks. We lay there, our heads resting on wooden pillows which I had brought, and soon we fell asleep.

'I did not wake until the rising tide floated the pillow from under me, so that my head was spilled into the water. That nearly drowned me, but at last I was able to kneel, and then I remembered my mother. She was not beside me. I looked out to sea; she was not there. I turned my eyes to the beach; she was floating there, on the edge of the tide. She had drowned beside me as I slept. How many times had she called me, and I deaf to her cries?

'A ship arrived not long after—a trading ship from New Zealand. The captain took my father and me, with most of the others who remained alive, to the island of Oahu, near Honolulu. There we lived until my father died, six years later, and then I returned to this place, because I owned no land anywhere else. Others returned with me, but none of us has ever been happy here. And since the phosphate company came and began to pay us for our dust, we have hoped that, one day, it may buy all the rest together for a great price. With that money, the government could buy a happier home for our children's children to dwell in. Help us in this, we beg you', he finished, and rose to leave without another word.

I did my best, and the big local phosphate mining concern proved obliging, too. The tonnage royalties paid to the villagers for what they called their 'dust' were doubled as a result. This enabled us to start a trust fund for the purchase of the new home that the old people dreamed of. Twenty years later, at the request then of the whole community, the lovely island of Rabi, in the Fiji group, was bought with part of the money. Old Eri and his fellows were dead by that time, but they had had the happiness of seeing the fund inaugurated, and I dare say their grandchildren, safe now from the droughts of the Equator, remember them on and off with gratitude for having first thought of a home for their descendants not haunted by the ghosts of their unburied dead.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Structure of Soviet Society

Sir.—In his interesting talk on 'The Structure of Soviet Society' (THE LISTENER, August 4) Mr. Carr does me the honour of referring to a talk by myself published in your columns on June 2. May I comment, as far as the limits of space permit, on those parts of his argument which affect my earlier theme?

I am not very satisfied with the expression 'state bourgeoisie', but I have used and still use it because it seems to me less misleading than any other. The Soviet ruling group has both managerial and intellectual elements. But it includes more than the elements which correspond to a managerial élite in the west, and its functions are very different from those of the intelligentsia, either as that phrase is understood in a western society or as that phenomenon ex-

isted in Imperial Russia—or exists in contemporary Asia. To describe the Soviet ruling group as a 'managerial class' or an 'intelligentsia' confuses more than it clarifies. Some other name is

necessary. In western Europe, of course, the bourgeoisie is much older than the industrial revolution. The European bourgeois ethos, as it existed in, say, 1800, was the result of centuries of social history. It was rooted not only in the habit of possession of private property, but also in religious and political traditions, which in my opinion are not mere derivatives of economic factors. This pre-industrial bourgeoisie of Britain, the Low Countries, France, western Germany, and northern Italy, was the driving force behind the industrial revolution of the west, which created not only modern industry but also a new social

group, the post-industrial bourgeoisie. The ethos of this group inherited much from the old, but also had new characteristics of its own, which can be roughly described by the word 'Victorianism'.

In Russia there were merchants, owning private property, in medieval Novgorod and seventeenth-century Muscovy, but there was never a bourgeoisie as in the west, because the religious and political traditions of Russia were quite different from those of the west. The industrial revolution was introduced into Russia essentially in the late nineteenth century (earlier attempts had had little effect). It created a new social group, which was a mixture of bureaucrats and private business men. It was beginning, by 1913, to acquire something of the ethos of the western post-industrial bourgeoisie. It could be not un-

reasonably described as a Russian bourgeoisie. To the Bolsheviks it was as much the enemy as were the Tsar's officials or the land-owning nobles. After 1917 the Bolsheviks deprived it of all effective power. Ever since they have been fighting against real or imaginary bourgeois, and real or imaginary 'remnants of capitalism in the consciousness of people'. In this sense, Mr. Carr is of course quite right in saying that 'the ruling group in Soviet society was decisively and irrevocably anti-bourgeois'.

But from 1928 onwards the Soviet Government embarked on its own industrial revolution, much more rapid than the already rather impressive growth of 1890-1913. Whereas the last Tsars' industrialisation had been the combined work of bureaucrats and private business men, Stalin's industrialisation was achieved by bureaucratic, military, and police action, with no vestige of private business enterprise. But Stalin's industrial revolution, like the nineteenth-century western industrial revolutions, has produced a new ruling group. The striking thing about this group, to my mind, is the extent to which the *non-political* part of its ethos resembles that of the Victorian post-industrial bourgeoisie of the west. The Soviet leaders did not want this to happen, any more than they wanted speculators and contact men to appear. These things were produced by social development, which is something stronger than the will of Bolsheviks—even of Stalin.

The Soviet ruling group is not a *private bourgeoisie*. Its power is not based on private ownership of the means of production. Its outlook is not based on what Mr. Carr, speaking of nineteenth-century civilisation, rightly called its 'twin pillars'—the Rights of Man and the Wealth of Nations. The reason for this is that the religious and political traditions of Russia are quite different from those of pre-nineteenth-century western Europe. The important differences between the Soviet ruling group and the Victorian post-industrial bourgeoisie are, in fact, political, not social. I suggest that the whole ruling group in the U.S.S.R. (including much more than those who directly administer the economy) is comparable with the whole post-industrial bourgeoisie of Victorian Europe (which also included much more than those who directly administered the economy). If the word 'bourgeoisie' is defined to mean what I prefer to call a 'private bourgeoisie', then clearly the Soviet ruling group is not a bourgeoisie. But it seems to me that the Victorian and the Soviet comparable groups are two variations of a single phenomenon; that the one is a 'private bourgeoisie', the other a 'state bourgeoisie'.

If Mr. Carr would read again my original talk, he would, I believe, feel bound in justice to admit that I was not so silly as to 'equate the present regime in Russia' with 'a Tsarist autocracy or a Victorian bourgeoisie'. Of course the Soviet regime is a new phenomenon, and essentially in two respects. The ruling group, which I still call a 'state bourgeoisie', is something new, which is however likely to appear in other societies, not only in eastern Europe, where it is being imposed in pre-fabricated form, but also in non-Marxist-ruled countries like Turkey or India. The second new feature is the totalitarian power system, which differs as much from dictatorship, as known in most of human history, as from democracy of the western type. State bourgeoisies and totalitarianism are not necessarily inseparable from each other.

Mr. Carr argues that 'the structure of Soviet society must be analysed in terms not of economic class but of political party'. But the Soviet Communist Party, with some 7,000,000 members, is as much subject to social pressures as any political institution anywhere. The higher levels of the Party and the higher levels

of the state bourgeoisie very largely overlap.

Finally, Lenin's definition of class, quoted by Mr. Carr, seems to me to fit the Soviet ruling group very well. What does it do but 'appropriate the labour' of the workers and peasants 'thanks to the difference of (its) position in... the economy'? No doubt the appropriated wealth is devoted less to the personal satisfaction of the Soviet state bourgeois than to the further expansion of the economy. But was not this true also in Victorian times?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

H. SETON-WATSON

Sir,—Mr. E. H. Carr, in his broadcast on 'The Structure of Soviet Society' criticises those who would draw an analogy between Victorian England and Stalinist Russia. It would seem, however, that he himself is not immune to the temptation for we find him writing:

... It is this common background of industrial revolution which provides the explanation of certain analogies between Victorian literature and current Soviet literature. Both show the same crude moralising tendencies, the same inclination to paint human conduct in sheer black and white, the same simple, unsophisticated eagerness to reward energy with success and to punish sloth with disgrace. Both inculcate the same virtues of industry and application in work and of respectability and restraint in living.

It takes only a moment's reflection to realise what utter nonsense this is. Just what does Mr. Carr have in mind when he speaks of 'Victorian literature' in such terms? *Hard Times?* *Wuthering Heights?* *Middlemarch?* *Vanity Fair?* And what would be the titles of their Soviet counterparts?

There was such a thing as a Victorian ethos that celebrated the virtues mentioned by Mr. Carr. But 'Victorian literature' was in large measure a dissent from—or at least a deviation from—this ethos. It is because no such dissent or deviation is tolerated in Soviet Russia that the analogy is so pointless. The plain fact is that, ever since the early 'thirties, there has hardly been any such thing as 'Soviet literature', for the even plainer reason that the writers have not been allowed to create it.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

IRVING KRISTOL

Progress and Prosperity in Malaya

Sir,—Mr. Holtum complains that, in mentioning the seven rubber trees in Sir Hugh Low's garden at Kuala Kangsar as the 'beginning' of Malayan rubber, I was ignoring the great work of Mr. H. N. Ridley in developing the propagation and utilisation of rubber in the Botanic Gardens at Singapore. Had I been giving an account of the growth of the rubber industry, I should certainly have paid tribute to Mr. Ridley's achievements. I was concerned only to record the earliest establishment of rubber trees in Malaya. My authority for pin-pointing the Kuala Kangsar trees as the first in the country was the booklet *The Story of Natural Rubber*, from the Rubber Growers' Association.

Mr. Carnell complains that I slighted Chinese mining enterprise by describing the prosperity of Malaya as 'founded on rubber and built up by tin'. Although my succeeding remarks show that I was not speaking chronologically, as it were, but in terms of priority of contribution to Malayan revenues, I do recognise that my phrase could be misleading. I hasten to record my acknowledgement that Chinese mining goes back several hundred years in Malaya. Apart from tin, I have myself picked up, at a small gold mine in Pahang, fragments of Chinese earthenware (alongside neolithic artifacts) on which the potters' marks show that miners from China were working there in the sixteenth century.—Yours, etc.,

Bray-on-Thames J. B. PERRY ROBINSON

Why Men Strike Today

Sir,—Mr. O. M. Meares, writing to you in THE LISTENER of July 28, asks why I do not answer the question—'why do men not hesitate to strike?' He himself gives the answer that they do not see the strike as anything more than a little personal inconvenience, thus providing a bias in favour of striking.

No one who has been with men who are striking can say that they see it only as a little personal inconvenience. I need but call Mr. Meares' attention to one instance, the late dock strike in the north, where men came out for six weeks with practically no income, and were prepared to continue the strike. Men do hesitate to strike—they do not enjoy striking, their wives less so. Yet even the wives will support their men on matters the men say to be of principle, however vaguely the principle is expounded.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

T. T. PATERSON

The Liberal Muse

Sir,—I was glad to read, however belatedly, Mr. de Morny's two points about Mme de Staél. I agree, of course, that Goethe's remark about *De l'Allemagne* helps to account for its success; and I naturally agree, too, with the point about how highly considered the *Considerations on the French Revolution* were in their time.

But perhaps Mr. de Morny will let me correct him on one detail: I am not guilty of claiming that *Corinne* was one of Mme de Staél's 'greatest' works (therefore by implication 'greater' than the *Considerations*). I said that it enjoyed a startling success, which it did. I am not sure how one assesses the comparative 'greatness' of a rather boring novel about Genius and a historic-political treatise; but I would observe that Sainte-Beuve, whom Mr. de Morny quotes, does not always come down on the same side!—Yours, etc.,

Reading

A. G. LEHMANN

Henry Wise and the Formal Garden

Sir,—Thanks to Miss Dorothy Stroud's *Capability Brown* and Mr. Christopher Hussey's *The Picturesque*, it is manifest to all who have studied the history of English garden design that a strong case can be made out for the practices of Lancelot Brown and his school. The regrettable thing is that, in pursuit of Improvement, so much that was noble and significant was destroyed. No better example could be quoted than that of Blenheim, where on the north Brown successfully enlarged the lake, while on the south he destroyed the epic parterre (a garden of historic importance if ever there was one) created for Marlborough by Vanbrugh and Wise.

The point has been well expressed by Mr. Laurence Whistler in his second book on Vanbrugh. Writing of the gardens at Stowe he says:

As we survey the restless surge of taste, and see each generation of gardeners joyfully and confidently undoing the work of the last, the desire may take us to protest in retrospect. 'In this feature', we may long to say, 'you have improved on your predecessor: your notion is bigger, your handling more delicate. Could you not allow that in that one he succeeded pretty well? Could you not compromise even a little? Could you not sometimes, at least, begin where he left off, and restrain yourself from beginning where he began?'

Yours, etc.,

Church Hanborough

DAVID GREEN

The fifth P.E.N. anthology of new verse is now in preparation. Poems which have already appeared in print will not be considered and each poet who wishes to contribute may submit only three poems. Manuscripts should be sent to the editors, *New Poems: 1956*, the P.E.N., 62-63 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3, by September 30.



'La Chasse' (1952), by Derain, now at the Galerie Charpentier

Art

Round the Paris Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE Maison de la Pensée Française has organised some pretty remarkable exhibitions in recent years. It was here that the sculptures of both Matisse and Picasso were seen *en masse* for the first time; it is here that Picasso and Léger have lately elected to show the major portions of their current output; it was here that the Moscow and Leningrad Picassos were seen during their brief sojourn this side of the iron curtain. Nothing so grandiose is offered us this summer in the Maison's exhibition of Bonnard. Drawn entirely from private collections in France and comprising forty paintings all but three of which are on a small scale, and only four of which were painted after 1930 when the artist was at the height of his powers, it does not begin to rival in importance the large retrospective exhibition held at the Orangerie in 1947. All the same, I for my part have found it quite the most beautiful and exciting exhibition the Maison de la Pensée Française has ever staged.

It is the measure of Bonnard's genius that so modest and casual an assemblage of his works can convey such a sense of artistic greatness, that his value is evident without reference to his key-works. It is not that he is not an uneven artist, but simply that he is capable of revealing the touch of a master regardless of the import of the picture's scale or subject. The reason is that his mastery resides above all precisely in his touch, a touch that is infinitely delicate and light, yet so saturated with overtones and undercurrents of feeling and meaning that it can invest a few jam tarts on a plate with an almost unbearable poignancy. Yet how cloyingly rhapsodic this impassioned lyricism would be if it were not made firm and strong by the muscular structure that underlies those deliquescent surfaces. It was Bonnard's amazing achievement to reconcile all the tremulous atmospheric effects of a Monet with all the eloquence of shape of a Braque. For the shapes themselves in Bonnard have the intrinsic eloquence of architecture, are as far from description as is his extravagantly heightened colour. Sometimes, indeed, as in the very late landscape in the Paris exhibition, one finds oneself responding to his pictures as if they were abstract designs, until one suddenly becomes aware—rather as one suddenly becomes aware, when listening to the sound of a concerted number in a Mozart opera, that each of the singers is in fact mouthing a different set of words—that in this glorious abstraction lies everyday reality, lifted above itself and magically become more intensely real through its very apotheosis. Bonnard's transfigurations of nature seem the results neither of a destruction nor of an idealisation of his subjects, but of a sort of mystical identification with them. And this identification is altogether impartial: in his love of life he is completely unaframed.

For purposes of studying Bonnard, rather than enjoying him, the one-man show at the Maison de la Pensée Française is less fruitful than the important exhibition at the Musée d'Art Moderne of 'Bonnard, Vuillard et les Nabis (1888-1903)', which, although its actual choice

of works by Bonnard does not show him to advantage, enables us to perceive the origins of his style, reveals how deeply rooted in Nabism was the flowering of his mature art. I should have liked to dwell at greater length upon this topic, were it not that two other major artists of our time are currently represented in Paris by major retrospective exhibitions which compel attention and consideration. They are Derain, sixty paintings by whom can be seen at the Galerie Charpentier, and Picasso, whose fame is being officially celebrated by an exhibition of more than 100 paintings (among them 'Guernica' and several major works lent by American museums) at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs and an exhibition of more than 200 graphic works at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Comparisons may be odious, but the presence of Bonnard does not so much allow as *force* us to see Picasso in perspective. And in this perspective Picasso appears a superficial draughtsman, a very limited colourist, and a painter whose handling of the medium may often be brilliant or delicate but has not got mystery. Yet there remains a radiant, a miraculous, a god-like, capacity to invent forms which ravish our senses, to create a new canon of ideal beauty. His most violent distortions, it seems to me, so far from having a grotesque or alarming effect—and this applies even to 'Guernica'—strike one as highly desirable improvements on nature: one looks at a Picasso woman with both eyes on the same side of her nose and wonders how on earth one could ever have loved a woman who wore her nose between her eyes. It is significant that this impression is not confirmed by reproductions of Picasso's works, where the distortions do tend to appear grotesque. The inference is that Picasso is a master of scale, the impact of whose forms depends more than in the case of other artists upon their being seen on the actual scale on which they were realised.

The Derain exhibition may strike the unprejudiced visitor as an impressive refutation of the widespread delusion that this fine artist became, after a good beginning, a reactionary who catered for the unadventurous tastes of the bourgeoisie. It seems to me that, so far from catering for anybody's tastes, Derain engaged himself with deep seriousness in solving the very private problem of countering his own facility. I suspect that he came to feel, during his *fauve* period, that 'modern' art was too easy—his *fauve* pictures reveal a mastery of the means of expression beside which the Matisse of the period, though they may have a greater intensity, seem mere gropings in the light—and thereafter determined to make things as difficult for himself as possible by trying to do Corot, Courbet, and the seventeenth century over again on modern life. The exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier shows how he came to attain, in many of the landscapes and still lifes of his later years, just that synthesis between old values and new discoveries, which lots of young painters nowadays talk about but none of them achieve.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

My Political Life: Vol. III. The Unforgiving Years. By the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, C.H. Hutchinson. 30s.

Mr. AMERY is a statesman nearly of the first rank. Reading this third volume of his political life, one wonders whether the reason he is not quite on the Churchill level was his constant preoccupation with how the day's events would look to history. A politician who keeps a diary in which he speculates as well as records is in danger of pausing too often. The dynamism of the morning becomes the hesitation of the evening. Action is suspended in favour of the search for the correct garb for the right attitude. Not that Mr. Amery lacked integrity—far from it. That and his courage were his greatest assets. He was, perhaps, a shade too aware that practical politicians—to be successful—must often act and present themselves in a manner short of the best academic standards.

But while this may have handicapped him politically, it has made his book of considerable interest. He saw his contemporaries clearly and judges them accurately as well as kindly. Here he deals with the years 1929-1940. He was always certain that appeasement was disastrous although he shows a sympathetic understanding of the workings of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's mind. He recounts with scrupulous care all the details which led up to the various decisions of the years before the war. Because he writes well these do not become boring. The most exciting passages are those in which he describes the fall of the Chamberlain Government after the debacle of Norway. It was Mr. Amery himself who in a remarkable speech made Chamberlain go. Normally not a great orator, he was on this occasion so carried forward by the intensity of his feelings that Lloyd George remarked afterwards that in fifty years he had heard few speeches to match it and none with so dramatic a climax. It contained a brilliant analysis of the reasons why a government dedicated to appeasement in peace time could not win a war. 'Facility in debate', said Mr. Amery, 'ability to state a case, caution in advancing an unpopular view, compromise and procrastination are the natural qualities—I might almost say, virtues—of a political leader in time of peace. They are fatal qualities in times of war. Vision, daring, swiftness and consistency of decision are the very essence of victory'.

In the subsequent convulsions Mr. Amery was himself discussed by leading politicians as a possible successor. With great modesty he rejected the overtures, although it is interesting to learn that he did not at that time think that it much mattered whether Mr. Churchill or Lord Halifax became Prime Minister. In the new Government Mr. Amery became Secretary of State for India. In the conduct of this post he was much reviled by the leaders of opinion in India. Yet in the Cabinet he fought Mr. Churchill's old-fashioned imperialism and did much of the preliminary work which made it possible for power to be transferred smoothly after the war.

Maxim Litvinov: Notes for a Journal. Introduction by E. H. Carr. Deutsch. 18s.

This is a translation of a typescript which purports to consist of notes dictated by Litvinov, partly from memory and partly from manuscript notes, afterwards destroyed. It covers,

with gaps, the period from 1926 to 1939, and there are isolated entries down to 1950. The typescript is supposed to have been handed to Alexandra Kollontai, late Soviet Ambassador to Sweden (now dead) who in turn handed it to some person unidentified with instructions that it should not be published until after Litvinov's death. Litvinov died in 1952. (He was foreign commissar until 1939, when he was replaced by Molotov on the eve of the Nazi-Soviet pact. For a short time during the war he was Soviet Ambassador in Washington, and thereafter lived in obscurity, if not disgrace, until his death.)

The improbability of any sane Soviet leader dictating notes containing criticism of Stalin and of the Soviet regime during the period of the purges is so high that the publishers rightly entrusted an expert on Soviet matters, Mr. E. H. Carr, with the task of investigating the authenticity of the typescript. Mr. Carr interviewed in Paris certain 'Russian intermediaries through whose hands the documents passed' but was unable to interview either the person to whom the notes are supposed to have been dictated by Litvinov, nor the person to whom the document is supposed to have been entrusted by Madame Kollontai. (This latter person is said to have since died.) Mr. Carr does not name the 'intermediaries' whom he interviewed. This is unfortunate, because in France, where this document has not yet found a publisher, its authorship has been publicly attributed to a certain Russian émigré, to whom is also attributed a number of sensational documents about Soviet leaders published in recent years. The problem, says Mr. Carr, was further 'complicated' after his return to London by the receipt of another instalment of the typescript, the whole section from 1937 onwards, without any explanation either as to its origin or as to its omission from the original typescript.

Mr. Carr therefore rightly dismisses the external evidence as inadequate to establish the authenticity of this document. Certainly, Mr. Carr is not guilty of over-statement when he says that the hypothesis of a complete forgery or fiction 'cannot be dismissed out of hand'. Turning to internal evidence, Mr. Carr gives as his expert opinion that the document 'contains a substratum of genuine material emanating in some form or other from Litvinov himself'. But accretions have been added by 'another hand or hands', of which some may be authentic recollections of someone closely associated with Litvinov, and others pure fiction.

Regarded as a whole, the document is trite and vulgar. One does not have to be pro-communist to feel a certain sympathy for Litvinov, who was somewhat of an idealist, caught up in a system with which he probably felt little kinship and had little opportunity to influence. These notes do little credit to his memory—if they do indeed represent anything he ever wrote or dictated. Scandals, sex perversions and orgies abound, including an account of a Lesbian passion by Stalin's wife. The observations on foreign policy are neither original nor illuminating. What is particularly notable is the almost complete absence of any details of conversations with any living person now outside Russia. Litvinov spent much of his time in Geneva, and there are a number of people alive who knew him fairly well, and can recall conversations with him. There is one exception: two detailed conversations with M. Paul Boncour. Now M. Paul Boncour is alive, though very old. The conversations here recorded do not appear in his

memoirs. Confirmations by him that these conversations took place would have been more convincing evidence of authenticity than such facts, relied on by Mr. Carr, as that a conversation with the late Dr. Benes is confirmed by the memoirs of Bessedovsky, published in 1931.

There are several gross errors of fact in the text. One of them, the misdating of the execution of Tukhachevsky, is pointed out by Mr. Carr. Another is not. This is an entry dated July 19, 1936: 'General Franco's rebellion has begun'. But the Spanish Civil War began as a rebellion of the Spanish Army; and General Franco was only one of three leaders, until death removed the other two, Generals Mola and Sanjurjo. To refer to 'General Franco's rebellion' in July 1936 is like putting an entry into one's diary in 1618, that 'the Thirty Years War has now begun'.

According to Mr. Carr, the document 'whether genuine or not' has 'a certain value for the historian'. If it be a forgery, it is difficult to see what value it can have for the historian of Soviet Russia. But it will no doubt be of interest to the future historian of twentieth-century intellectual trends in England that the document should have been published at all.

A Train of Powder. By Rebecca West. Macmillan. 21s.

A Train of Powder, the publishers tell us, gives a picture of the world in perpetual crisis, of Europe and America as they strive to attain equilibrium. Three of the six essays in the book deal with life in Germany in the post-war world; they have their common starting point in Miss West's reflections on the Nuremberg trials which she attended. The other three deal with such disparate topics as the Marshall case, Setty and Hume, and a lynching trial in South Carolina.

One knows that in anything Miss West writes there will be flashes of insight and brilliant bits of reporting. And, indeed, there is a great deal of first-class reporting in this book. Perhaps no one has written with more understanding of and deeper sympathy with the people of Berlin—and especially the women of Berlin—than Miss West in her second German essay in this book. One reads such passages with pleasure and admiration. Unfortunately, one cannot sustain these lofty emotions for very long, and they soon turn into a sour exasperation. There is so much tension about the writing, there is such a portentous and high-pitched tone about the simplest piece of gossip, that the reader eventually finds himself in a state of nervous prostration. One loses interest in a landscape where every molehill is a mountain.

The essay on the Marshall case ('The Better Mousetrap') is an example of Miss West at her worst. Marshall, it will be recalled, was a radio-telegraphist in the service of the Foreign Office who, after his return from a spell of duty in the British Embassy in Moscow, was charged with an offence under the Official Secrets Act. The other man in the case was Kuznetsov, Third Secretary in the Soviet Embassy. Miss West notes that they met in Kingston one day—and then, for no rational reason at all, she gives us a potted history of a flourishing department store, founded there some eighty-five years ago. Because the Soviet Embassy has leased some buildings in 'millionaires' row', we are given a short history of Kensington Palace Gardens. In the midst of this *macédoine* of information we are told that



Lincoln Cathedral

No great thing is created suddenly—

EPICETUS (1st CENTURY A.D.)

Everything grows. A tree, a house, a school of thought — each adds to itself carefully with the years. And when they are great, their growth is the more leisurely. A nation, a religion, a way of life — these ask not for generations, but for centuries.

Among the community's great organizations today industry has one of the longest histories. It can trace its course back for two centuries, to dark mills and primitive machines. Now, it serves the community's economic needs in a million ways, and provides the material foundation for modern standards of life and leisure. For, as industry's technical achievement grows, so does its field for service.

Great organizations, high traditions, are best made slowly. Which is to say, great responsibilities are assumed gradually and with understanding.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited

'the Russians find their Embassy very pleasant, for both sensuous and ideological reasons'; and that the ghost of the fifth Earl of Harrington 'must have been delighted by the sale of the house he had built to the Soviet Government, for he was a romantic radical'. This sort of stuff is fustian of a high order.

Or again, take the opening sentences of Miss West's essay on Mr. Setty and Mr. Hume:

The murder of Mr. Setty was important, because he was so unlike the man who found his headless and legless body. It was news, after the pattern which was established when the Wise Men came out of the East and questioned their way to the stable where the King of the Jews had been born; for they were, of course, neither kings nor philosophers, as has often been pretended, but newspaper men, and they had seen no star, but had received the call not heard by the ear but felt by the nerves, which announces that somewhere there is news. For news is always an incarnation.

One falls back on Bottom the Weaver's comment: 'This was lofty. This is Ercles' vein'.

Hogarth's Progress

By Peter Quennell. Collins. 25s.

William Hogarth (1697-1764) lived during one of the most turbulent epochs of London's history. During these years the population soared in spite of the prodigious infant mortality; the glitter of prosperity drew into its maw a never-ending stream of the adventurous and gullible. The forces established to maintain social order and decency were old-fashioned and inadequate. Drink—fierce, potent, destructive—was cheaper than it had ever been: crime, harlotry and disorder became endemic. A sense of prosperity, a belief that greater riches and greater power were within Britain's grasp, engendered an eager and aggressive spirit that resented restraint. In the midst of poverty and squalor there was great profusion, and the wild, harsh, metropolitan existence was lived against a backcloth of new elegance. Lovely buildings, fine furniture, a controlled magnificence in adornment make an ironic contrast to the dirt, disease and crime. This chaotic world found its painter in William Hogarth.

He depicted poverty, cruelty, debauchery with such clarity and power that his prints become unforgettable once seen. Yet alongside 'Gin Lane' and the 'Four Stages of Cruelty', there are portraits of exceptional beauty, tenderness and compassion, of which, perhaps, 'The Shrimp Girl' is deservedly the best known. Of this picture Mr. Quennell writes 'A moment, we feel, has been snatched from time; immortality, conferred on the experience of seconds'. And that is true of much of Hogarth's work. His character was quick and responsive—anger, compassion, fury and tenderness—emotions sharp and immediate spurred Hogarth's creative energies.

Both the man and the time have found an excellent biographer in Mr. Quennell and his book will add to his already high reputation. He displays an extremely wide, detailed, and scholarly knowledge of London; knowledge, however, that is gracefully imparted with deceptive ease. Each of the great series of Hogarth's prints—'A Harlot's Progress', 'Rake's Progress', 'Marriage à la Mode' and the 'Election Series'—is carefully analysed and related to contemporary life. These chapters, alone, make a most valuable contribution to social history.

There is little known about Hogarth's early life, apart from unreliable anecdotes, remembered or invented after he had become a great man, some of which Mr. Quennell surprisingly accepts. This absence of factual detail creates a difficulty which the author overcomes by taking the opportunity to depict the boisterous London life of Hogarth's youth. From early middle age

onwards the documentation improves and the character of Hogarth emerges to take the centre of the scene, a character as rich and as varied and as finely perceived as one of his own self-portraits.

No doubt Hogarth was an uncomfortable character even in an age with a robust delight in the vagaries of human nature. He found it impossible to compromise with the dilettantism of his age. The *virtuosi* enraged him. He could see too clearly their pretentiousness and he ignored their immensely valuable educative role. In consequence he remained an outsider and never belonged to the fashionable artistic world. He knew it and resented it, and the last years of his life were darkened by the bad blunder of attempting to support established powers which had never had any use for him. By instinct he was on the side of Wilkes and Churchill. Yet perhaps in spite of the tribulation which it brought him, he was lucky to stay an outsider, for it gave an edge both to his rage and his compassion, infusing his work with a tenderness for the lost and the unknown. How much the world would have missed if, instead of 'The Shrimp Girl', there had been one more portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, or if dreary historical canvases in the manner of 'Sigismunda' had replaced 'A Rake's Progress'! This side of Hogarth's character and the impetus which it gave to his creative energy is brought out admirably by Mr. Quennell.

This is certainly one of the most agreeable books on eighteenth-century England to appear for some time—its impact is as vivid as a picture by Hogarth himself. And he too would have enjoyed this portrayal of his London—vivid, turbulent, a city of contrasting ugliness and beauty, and yet intensely human.

Scribbling, Drawing, Painting. The Early Forms of the Child's Pictorial Creativeness. By Wolfgang Grözinger. Faber. 15s.

This is a good and an important book; it deals, in an original fashion, with an aspect of child art—the first attempts at graphic expression—which has hitherto received little attention. It is moreover, to some extent, a practical work and contains sound advice for teachers and parents, especially parents.

The author believes that the apparently senseless scribbles of very small children are purposeful, meaningful, expressive and intimately related to the child's growing awareness and mastery of space, to its tactile, no less than to its visual experiences, and, above all, to the rhythmical movements of its own body. He finds in the scribbles of the four-year-old the germ of nearly all varieties of pattern and traces the origins of pattern itself to the operation of the heart and lungs. On the basis of these beliefs he makes a strong plea for bi-manual drawing. Much of this is new, stimulating, and interesting, and should engage the attention of the parent who wants not only to do that which will allow his child to develop a healthy delight in drawing, but to know why he should follow the Professor's instructions. He may question certain statements and regret some loose talk about eidetic imagery, prehistory and the origins of pattern in Greek art; but, whatever his reservations, he should receive these novel and illuminating notions with sympathetic attention.

It is therefore lamentable that Professor Grözinger should, as it seems, have gone out of his way to exasperate and to perplex his readers. In the first place, aided perhaps by his translators, he uses maddeningly pretentious language. Sir Herbert Read, in his preface, describes this book as 'simple and direct'; but what is the moderately intelligent parent

to make of passages such as the following:

The Child comes from the cosmic, the four-dimensional, by way of the earth, the three-dimensional, to the I and Thou, to its picture of the world.

Such generalities darken counsel and there are too many of them. But much more irritating is the mild but complacent arrogance with which the author states his views—or rather—lays down the law. Where Alshuler and Hattiwick, adventuring upon much the same ground, proceed tentatively from a great mass of experimental data, Professor Grözinger is content blandly to assert. Notice the manner in which he argues in his third chapter. He begins by saying that the child 'does not in the least know how it has arrived at the shapes that it has drawn' while the 'adult is even further from knowing'. The author, on the other hand, is superior to both parties; he knows perfectly and can, indeed, provide us with an 'ABC of children's art' by means of which we can distinguish between different patterns. His claim to unique intuitive powers may be well founded but the reader should be told in what manner they were acquired.

The difficulty of accepting Professor Grözinger's claims becomes even greater when he deals with the representation of the human figure. 'Interpretation of a shape as a human being', he says, 'can only be recognised as genuine if we know the context in which the shape so interpreted has originated'. This is certainly true; the small child names its drawing according to the whim of the moment. Therefore, if we are to make sure that a drawing capable of various interpretations is really intended to have one special meaning, we must be able to look beyond the child's scribble and into its mind. The author claims that he can do just this; but if he is in possession of data other than the admittedly unreliable evidence of the child's art he fails to tell us what it is. In short, this book is suggestive rather than convincing, but its suggestions are far too important to be disregarded.

Balmoral. The History of a Home.

By Ivor Brown. Collins. 18s.

The role of prose laureate is an unaccustomed one for Mr. Ivor Brown and he seems to have been in more than two minds as to how to play it. The straight guide-book style?—'the public has entry to the grounds once a week when royalty is not in residence'. Lytton Strachey in reverse?—'Everything perfection... this Dear Paradise!' There was no gush of insincerity, no false exaggeration about that. The *Journal* is one of the happiest books ever written... The *homme moyen sensuel* (N.B. model)?... 'What, really angers the type of Scot who cannot forget the Kailyard or stop nagging at Balmorality is the presence of gaiety in the Scottish scene or the Scottish picture of the scene'. The antiquarian wayfarer in the Highlands?—'The present spelling appears in a valuation of lands dated 1635... The origin must be Celtic. But was it Baile Moraile—the magnificent Baile or Bal... Or was it Bal-morao? In that case it would be the Place-Great-of-Lime. There is limestone adjacent. Or was it Bal-mor-choille, the place of the Great Woodland? The proximity of the great forest of Ballochbuie is an argument for this surmise'.

Mr. Brown is most sure of himself when he is brandishing his claymore at an enemy that a southern reader would have thought had retreated, some years ago, even from the moors. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort went to Balmoral, he points out, 'for refuge and recreation—recreation in its true sense of being made anew'. They loved the place and got on well with the locals. So it is cheap and unfair to

I THINK I SHALL
GO INTO THE GARDEN
AND LOOK AT A
BIRD.



BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A T.V. FILM
MADE OF MYSELF GOING INTO THE GARDEN
TO LOOK AT A BIRD.



AND THEN IF I LOOK AT THE
FILM ON T.V. I SHALL
REALLY HAVE GONE INTO
THE GARDEN TO LOOK
AT A BIRD.



THE TVIAN MAN

SCHWEPPSYLVANIA, more so as readers will remember than any other State of the Union, is also in evolution more evolutionary. Schweppsylvania, passing quickly through the stages of Chromium Man, Neon-

derthal Man and the movement Back to Nato, first evolved the richer life of TVian Man, with his new ability not to be capable (unless there is a TV of himself doing it so that he can see himself doing it) of doing anything at all.

SCHWEPPHERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

laugh at him for having designed a black, red, and lavender tartan on a grey background and at her for professing to be an ardent Jacobite. And we are warned to think twice before criticising the architecture of the castle. But, surely,

by now, the Hooray-for-St.-Pancras-Station school must have bought Mr. Betjeman a ticket to Aberdeen and those parts? Is not the temporary danger more of a revival of uncritical neo-Gothic taste than of a repetition of once

modish sneers at Victorianism? The best thing about this otherwise disappointing little book is the sincerity—that keeps peeping through—of Mr. Brown's delight in the homeland of his ancestors.

New Novels

A Sign of the Times. By Robert Kee. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.

Wise Blood. By Flannery O'Connor. Neville Spearman. 11s. 6d.

Living in the Present. By John Wain. Seeker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

READERS who are weary of war-time backgrounds, escapees, or fictional accounts of life in Iron Curtain countries (and aren't we all?) should not be deterred by the dust-jacket of *A Sign of the Times*, depicting an incident which forms the climax of a novel mercifully unconcerned for most of its length with frontier-posts, helmeted sentries, and Sten guns. On the contrary, the scene is mainly metropolitan, alternating between London in the middle nineteen-sixties, and the headquarters (housed in an Alpine city state) of a sinister inter-governmental department called IGRAMP (Regroupment Agency for Maladjusted Persons). The political and social changes postulated by the author might well be prophetic: a Russo-American alliance consequent upon a seven-days' atomic war; Chelsea as the centre of the 'smart set'; the migration of Bohemia to South Kensington and the Fulham Road; the return to fashion of top hats and morning-dress; a public house with an 'artistic' clientele named after Mr. Clement Attlee. Butlers have hyphenated names; telephone-calls cost ninepence and Button 'B' has been abolished; the rudeness of taxi-drivers is a trifle more exaggerated: otherwise the surface of England is almost unruffled by the passing of a decade, while ominous trends—symbolised by the growing power of organisations like IGRAMP over the lives of ordinary citizens—are at work all the time underground.

The paranoid atmosphere generated by this latent threat to liberty spreads even to IGRAMP H.Q. itself, whose echoing corridors are haunted after dark by a strident peacock, a blackmailing Cockney photographer laden with equipment, and the mysterious instigator of a clandestine counter-conspiracy, whose approach is always heralded by the elusive fragrance of a herbal cigarette: though he himself remains unseen.

Crowther, the departmental director, afflicted by occupational malaise and the onset of a nervous breakdown, strangles the peacock, thereby setting off a train of events with far-reaching consequences upon the middle-aged hero, a former London newspaper editor whose unfashionably liberal views have displeased the authorities. Leo Trafford soon becomes a fugitive from the agents of M.I.12 (one of whom is his own brother): yet, though the tension of the chase is superlatively well maintained, this is not primarily a novel of pursuit, nor does Trafford resemble any character from the works of Graham Greene. Indeed, one of the book's many outstanding merits is the freedom of its style and manner from any of the preponderant contemporary influences: Mr. Kee has a compelling narrative gift and a sense of humour all his own, but his real strength—the delineation and analysis of character without tedious introspection or loss of pace—is exemplified by his portrait of the endearingly eccentric Broadstrop, an ineffectual, comic and pathetic figure capable, nonetheless, of rising to almost heroic heights in his devotion to a friend.

Broadstrop is a triumph, drawn with loving care yet without sentimentality, and the book would be worth reading for his appearances alone, though the author is too much in control

of his medium to allow him to usurp the stage completely or deflect our interest from the main drama. Six years have elapsed since *The Impossible Shore* was published, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Kee, who has now fulfilled his early promise by writing one of the most accomplished, intelligent, and enjoyable novels to appear for some time, will not delay again for so long before giving us a successor.

The reviewer who encounters two genuinely individual talents at work in the same week is indeed fortunate nowadays: especially when one of them originates from the U.S.A., where—judging by recent exports—fiction, other than that directly designed for the Hollywood market, has apparently become a synonym for social, racial, and political tracts couched either in ersatz Hemingwayese or the flat homogeneous style of *New Yorker* journalism.

Miss Flannery O'Connor is a southerner in her middle-twenties, yet her first novel (commended, with circumspection, by Mr. Evelyn Waugh) is neither regional in essence nor derivative, as one might expect, from Faulkner on the one hand or Carson McCullers on the other. Certainly her protagonist, Hazel Motes (a neo-hagiological figure who has rejected the synthetic saviour of popular convention and seeks to found a Christless Christian church) has superficially the somnambulistic determinism of a Faulkner character; while other members of the cast (a malefic itinerant preacher whose blindness, reputedly self-inflicted, proves to be a cynical fraud; his morally depraved adolescent daughter; a friendless, frustrated youth employed in a zoo, and fetishistically attached to the shrunken mummy of an Arabian torture-victim in a nearby museum) might well belong to the McCullers canon: since all of them exist in a vacuum of despair and are actuated by purely intuitive urges. Miss O'Connor, however, is not attracted by mental or physical freaks for their own sake or symbolic value; her story is less an allegory than a microcosm of the corrupt and ludicrous world we live in: indeed, the sense of actuality conveyed by the setting (the soda-fountains and cheap cafeterias, the rooming-houses and anonymous urban streets peopled with sardonic unsociable citizens) is overwhelming; while her creative vitality and highly original use of the absurd—as when Enoch, egregiously disguised, joins a juvenile queue outside a cinema advertising the personal appearance of a simian film-star, in order 'to insult a successful ape'—acquit her from any charge of deliberate morbidity, despite the appalling grimness of Hazel's ultimate fate and the harrowing poignancy of the final scenes. This blend of humour and horror, with its disconcertingly candid view of the human condition, recalls, rather than the work of Miss O'Connor's distinguished neighbours, that of a writer similarly endowed though from a very different environment: the late Anna Sebastian, whose untimely death last year was a tragic loss to all interested in the development of the modern novel.

With *Living in the Present*, we enter literary territory much trodden-over and wrangled-about during the past eighteen months: the area

annexed by a group of provincial academic intellectuals bent on expressing, in terms of high-brow farce, their loathing of pretentiousness and sham, and their even more loudly-advertised 'love of life'. It is now apparent that the professedly fertile terrain was in fact waste-land, and Mr. Wain—always in the vanguard of the movement and one of its most vocal publicists—himself gives the signal for the squatters to hurry on elsewhere. Incidentally, the adjective 'picaresque' (in its inaccurate, migratory sense) has often been applied to the products of this school; but the impression of motion is in fact illusory: for though, every so often, the characters are transplanted swiftly to new surroundings, they spend whole pages, on arrival, sitting down and exchanging views, as if in a university graduate-centre.

This is again true of the latest example, but in many ways (and always advantageously) *Living in the Present* breaks away from the prescribed formula, and the obsessional grievances of the ineffective schoolmaster are shown, this time, to be the result of temporary mental derangement instead of representing, as previously, the justifiable indignation of an honest man: though the book opens with the usual introspective outburst of hysterical hate. The preliminary sections are heavy going; neither the communication of ideas nor social criticism is Mr. Wain's forte, and it is plain that he has had little acquaintance with the evils he rails against, outside the works of George Orwell; it is ridiculous to suppose, for example, that the fascist Philipson-Smith (whom Edgar Banks is pledged to murder as a prelude to terminating his own bankrupt existence), could ever constitute a serious menace to humanity. Once, however, the scene shifts to Geneva, several hilariously funny sequences ensue: for the complaisant American journalist Mirabelle and the Crabshaws, with their diabolically mischievous brood, are evidently the result of shrewd personal observation instead of being cerebrally conceived; unfortunately the fun is interrupted far too soon by the advent of the customary 'understanding' girl and the sudden acquisition of hearts of gold by almost all concerned: marital bliss and safe, respectable employment being depicted, not as capitulation to the bourgeois ideal, but as genuinely desirable rewards for the converted rebel.

Also recommended: *The Shiralee*, by D'Arcy Niland (Angus and Robertson, 10s. 6d.), concerning an antipodean version of the transatlantic superman, pugilistically and sexually invincible, whose nomadic progress is hampered by the presence of his four-year-old daughter. Obviously destined for CinemaScope, but worth reading for unfamiliar Australian background and idiom. *The Day of the Monkey*, by David Karp (Gollancz, 15s.): for those interested in problem-novels. The author of *One* has included every topical and fashionable element in this long tale of an imaginary British Protectorate out east: a forty-six-year-old Colonial Service hero; an Austro-Jewish refugee heroine; the colour question; fascism; communism; a native rebellion and—in the very latest mode—a happy, 'hopeful' ending.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The Human Countenance

TELEVISION IS A MEDIUM (better not say 'art') based on moving images, but it bears far too many signs of its origin in a medium of sound. Far too often the image on the screen seems a mere afterthought, an unnecessary addition to a broadcast conceived as sound and complete in sound. For example, what hours and hours of television time are taken up by voices reading the news, announcing the programmes, talking, debating, entertaining the children, telling us stories, giving us talks on this and that, playing artificially contrived games, being interviewed—a wide variety of material that has obviously been carefully considered, planned as a result of much thought, even if not very original thought.

But the planning has not extended to the visual image. The variety of subject is not reflected in the image shown on the screen. During almost the whole of this time the bright, compelling little picture in the corner of the room has consisted of the top half of somebody sitting behind a table; someone who gazes as straight at us as does the full moon and is lit in the same relentless fashion. It would, one feels, be something of a relief if we were even allowed to see the back of some of these speakers' heads, but, again like the moon, the side they present to us is always the same.

We are all much interested in the faces of our fellow-humans, and from the contemplation of human faces some of the greatest art in the world has arisen; there are indeed faces, particularly those of certain elderly actors and ecclesiastics, which are almost works of art in themselves and deserve applause as such. There are faces which fascinate (though usually not for long) because of their astonishing beauty or ugliness or oddity; but even these might not survive television's full-moon style of presentation. On the whole, it is the ugly who come through best, and one imagines the wise producer searching out jowls and dewlaps, bulbous noses and bulging eyes.



As seen by the viewer: the chairing of the bard at the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, held at Pwllheli, on August 4: the bard, the Rev. G. Ceri Jones (front, left), with the archdruid, the Rev. J. Dyfnallt Owen

John Cura

It is sad that a period of intensive viewing has left this critic with a deep impression of the general insipidity of the human countenance. The trouble is that he has seen it far too often, used constantly in a tedious, unimaginative way by a medium that is still far too close to its origin and still puts sound before sight. What, after all, is the point of showing us an announcer reading the news?

He is reading as impersonally as possible an impersonal news bulletin put together by someone else. Why must we be forced to gaze at his face? For forced we are. Why must his name be held firmly in front of us while we listen to



'Transatlantic Exchange' on August 3: Philip Harben and (right) Phillip, chef of the National Broadcasting Company of America's 'Home' television programme, demonstrating national dishes

what may be the rise and fall of nations? There is at least one viewer who finds the handsome, intelligent, kindly faces of news readers nothing but an irritating distraction; at any other time one would be glad to meet such cultured, charming persons, but not here, not now.

The same is true, as a general rule, of nearly all the announcers. There is, I urgently insist, nothing wrong with most of these faces as faces, but how one comes to dislike the unintelligent use that is made of them! On the television screen a face is so relentlessly insisted upon. The cinema screen is large enough to hold all sorts of other interesting objects to which one can turn one's attention when bored with the central character; the television screen is not; a single speaker fills it to the brim. An intelligent use of the human face combined with a self-denying resolution never to put it on the screen unless it really contributes something to the programme is almost the most urgent need of television today.

For, of course, the faces of speakers can, at times, be of enormous interest. From last week's viewing I recall with delight that of a most beautiful lady from Singapore who appeared 'In Town Tonight' (how valuable are non-European faces!). I recall Gilbert Harding in 'Harding Finds Out' keeping a discussion afloat with only the slightest assistance from most of his interlocutors (how valuable is the man who has become an established 'character'). I recall in particular the faces of the five men who took

part in a poor discussion called 'In the News', because here the changes of expression, the individual characteristics of the faces, and the skill with which the camera-man had brought these out was of far greater interest than what they were saying.

This discussion as a whole showed with deadly clearness the drawbacks that attach to politicians as debaters. The advantages of having really practised and fluent speakers on such a programme is obvious, and these speakers were obviously such. One assumed they had the subject at their finger-tips, though it was a little disconcerting to hear one of them make an elementary mistake about what they were supposed to be discussing, and even more disconcerting that none of the others noticed it. (A special announcement had to be made later in the evening.) At first all this practised ease and skill was, as it always is, most impressive, but soon the great vice of the political debater began to show itself, and what might have been a serious and informative discussion on an important subject became yet another exchange of 'Tu quoque!' 'Ah yes, but let me remind you that in July 1930 the tory leader said . . .' and so on and so on, the speakers scoring points of vast importance to themselves but which sounded extraordinarily parochial and insignificant to those who do not belong to the narrow little world in which so many members of parliament seem to move. The degeneration of the debate was fairly rapid, but the faces of the speakers remained a fascinating study as expressions of weary scorn, smiling provocation, eager insistence, succeeded each other; and it was the camera-man and

not the words of the speakers that kept my set alive.

Finally, I should like to pay a tribute to two well-known faces both of which have the considerable advantage of being bearded (it is remarkable that so few television stars seek to emphasise their individuality by means such as this). Both Philip Harben and Mervyn Levy are extremely successful in a kind of programme which belongs peculiarly to television—the instructional, 'how to do it' programme—and both are successful against heavy odds. Mr. Harben cannot let us taste or even smell his masterpieces of cookery; Mr. Levy cannot show us the colours of the paint he and his charming pupil apply to their canvases.

Philip Harben is, I am sure, a major benefactor to this country and to the world. Mervyn Levy is probably another; though I was a little taken aback to find he apparently started his pupil painting in oils on a white surface—I must have missed the lesson in which he justified this curious procedure.

The pleasure one takes in these two admirable instructors is, for me, enormously enhanced by one simple fact: here are two speakers who do not sit behind a table and smile, full faced, into our eyes. Here are two speakers who get up and do something. Would there were more.

STEPHEN BONE

[Mr. Reginald Pound is on holiday and will resume his articles in two weeks' time.]



As seen by the viewer: Gillian Lutyens as Major-General Kroschka and John McLaren as James Allison in 'Caviar to the General' on August 2

John Cura

DRAMA

Post Mortem

TIME HEALS EVERYTHING, even the flaming patches of sunburn now defacing many an English rose on pier and prom. Why touch on old sores? On a paddle steamer between Hastings and Eastbourne last week (after those Southend programmes, I felt I must reassure myself about the seaside) I heard a capacious matron, a Minerva Pandemos who sat on, and indeed eclipsed, a campstool, use a phrase which struck home. 'Don't 'ark over' she said to a Grovish sort of sister who was rehearsing some petty drama about 'not getting the benefit of the returns'. Easier said than done: a critic, least of all, dare not cease 'arking.

Post-Bank Holiday week is a *post mortem*: a bad week everywhere, pub or police court. Why not also on the television screen? Sadly one thinks of 'Potash and Perlmutter', a farce which now needs period dressing but had at least an audience which laughed at Harry Green and Meier Tzelniker as the funny Jews. It is good to have reached a point in history where the Jews can once more laugh at themselves, as they do better than anyone else and enjoy more. For an unhealthy while after the German persecutions laughter was taboo. But there was no such consolation to be thought up during the Southend-on-Sea beano which followed: Peter West as a cowboy, Josephine Douglas in a funny hat, and acres of revellers failing to revel.

On Tuesday, to continue the autopsy, we had 'Caviar to the General' which was quite sportingly done and well, if rather timidly, directed by Peter Watts, but was on the whole a victim of the *Zeitgeist*. A few years ago only, this joke about the drunk Russian lady general (hardly Gillian Lutyens' part anyway) might have seemed quite comic. Wednesday to Southend again; repeats of 'Orient Express' and 'Garbo'. Thursday, repeat of 'The Sacred Flame' and, of course, Southend again. Friday brought a consolation in Tony Richardson's deft handling of the third in the 'Appointment with Drama' series, 'Absence of Mind', and a nice sketch of a shrewd old monster by Nora Nicholson; and on Saturday there was a boisterous cod music-hall bill, with a stupendously vulgar turn by Manley and Austin which gave enormous pleasure.

So on Sunday we turned with set faces to higher things: nothing less than a

new play by Michael Pertwee, introduced as being, 'unlike the Groves, a strong drama', an introduction which puts the category of the undeniable but tactless! 'Night Was Our Friend' seemed rather a far-fetched title and the tale turned out unconvincing enough if one thought about it. But it kept up whatever is the emotion next down the scale from suspense: curiosity, I suppose. And for this Jill Bennett, who played the tormented wife and widow, was largely responsible. Hers is a talent which acts as a focus for curiosity: a face which seems to have much going on behind it, unusual in young actresses.

What was worrying this young person in the Pertwee play was considerable. She had just been tried for murder and acquitted, coming home to find a tipsy family doctor (also the narrator, Maurice Colbourne) and a baleful mother-in-law (Beatrix Thomson, also first-rate) who was about as friendly as a python. Such an awkward little house, too, all bunched up round the staircase, and although one saw a painted garden through the French windows which looked about four miles square, the ground floor seemed so pokey it was hard to believe that those yelling conversations couldn't have been heard all over the place.

Mrs. Raynor the younger, in a positive convulsion of flashbacks, now began to disclose the unbeautiful past. This included a lover (Michael Ashwin) and the defunct Mr. Raynor, an ill-mannered husband and son, who came back from war captivity (I think)—anyway, from the jungle—and couldn't abide having the windows closed. The moment mum and wifey were out

of sight, he ran to the decanter and—desperate stroke—swallowed handfuls of aspirin with his Scotch. Do people, even after years in the jungle, eat aspirins, as a horse eats acorns, out of the palm? I don't know. I think Hugh Burden is a jolly good actor and a brave chap to take on this role, but not even he convinced me throughout all the improbable business of moon-mad strangling. Further to the aspirin business, I never much believe in characters who in moments of distress press the *back* of their hand to their brows: or only when they are operatic sopranos.

However, there was a good deal of excitement. One remained interested to see if Miss Jill Bennett was really guilty or not. ('I drove him to it'.) The climax was tense enough, perhaps a shade too exciting for director Reginald Tate who seemed to forget at a crucial moment all about mama on the stairs. During the furious show-down that ensued between the young people, we in the audience more than once wanted to know if they were alone or not. We had glimpsed baleful mum and needed confirmation whether she were still there. Otherwise all went safely and not too stupidly. *De mortuis, etc.*

The violoncellist Tortelier was presented by Christian Simpson in the latest celebrity recital. I deliberately put it like that. The artist is a fine player but the interest here was surely the imaginative skill with which his art was *shown*. Asked if I really think this added to our enjoyment of the music, I say emphatically that it did.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Swallowing Hard

IT WAS ON the evening of August Bank Holiday. The island that had a trick of appearing and disappearing in this western sea had quite vanished, though now and then the ray of its lighthouse prickled. The sky, its rose and coral and flamingo faded, had deepened slowly to night-blue. Half a dozen radio sets delivered the story of 'Dr. Wortle's School' (Home) to a placid little colony on the extreme edge of the bay. One could have walked up the road above the beach and kept cheerfully in touch with Trollope. When it was over I had, for the moment, a rash desire to question the other listeners; to ask them whether they felt, as I did, that Trollope for once had been piling it on, and that Ferdinand Lefroy at one end, and the Duke of Barsetshire at the other, were uncom- monly hard to take. Even the urbane old magician, with H. Oldfield Box to adapt his story as usual, could not hide a sense of strain. This, in nursery language, was something made to be told. We were all too conscious of the mechanics.

Dr. Wortle was a rector and preparatory-school master. As deputy head he engaged a young clergyman, Mr. Peacocke. How was he to know that, way back in America, Mrs. Peacocke (his new school matron) had been the wife of a certain Ferdinand Lefroy? Lefroy was a wastrel; she was sixteen. They had parted, and she had thought him dead. But now, in England, there was talk of bigamy; a blackmailing brother-in-law arrived; life in the country school grew involved. It was as if some careless actor had taken a header through a mildly rural front cloth into the murk of an alarming melodrama beyond it. Trollope



Two scenes from 'Night Was Our Friend' on August 7: above, Jill Bennett as Sally Raynor and Michael Ashwin as Dr. John Harper; below, Hugh Burden as Martin Raynor and Beatrix Thomson as Emily Raynor



is an abundant storyteller; here (for me) his power of persuasion died. There was too much to be explained. Moreover, violence and Trollope are ill-matched. I could not summon the shade of Ferdinand Lefroy, though I tried sternly; and Mr. Peacocke's journey to America to clear up the business was quite implausible. True, it came through on the air better than it could have done in any stage version. But—pistols, knives, bottles of rum: what were these doing as a background to Barset?

In short, this was not the kind of thing that should happen in and around the Trollope country. Lady Margaret Tracy ('The doctor was always a little quixotic, was he not?') had more of the manner. Dr. Wortle himself, unfortunate name and all, came from the right shelf. At the other end of the story from Ferdinand Lefroy we had the Duke of Barsetshire. Trollopian, I daresay: maybe we should not have grumbled when Dr. Wortle's school—in danger of collapsing, thanks to the tales of 'open connivance and immorality' and so forth—was saved by 'one of the richest and most influential noblemen in the country'. How saved? Very simply. He sent his son to Dr. Wortle's; the sheep followed; in the New Year the school had to turn away applicants. Bravo, your Grace! The lighthouse winked disbelievingly at this point. Still, it was Bank Holiday; a story was a story; and there had been too much assured playing by Baliol Holloway (subduing himself admirably to the Doctor), Richard Hurndall (Peacocke), and the rest, for us to do more than raise a mild eyebrow and go musingly upstairs. There the Lefroys and the Duke, Trollope beaming behind them, danced madly through our slumbers. 'Always a little quixotic, are you not, my dear Duke?' ... 'Boys, a bottle of rum!'

I cannot say that I believed entirely in the success of the Meadow Prospect Jubilee Band in Paris. Never mind: 'Vive L'Oompa!' (Third), for anyone who remembered 'Gazooka' and 'The Singers of Meadow Prospect,' was certainly an occasion, and it had Gwyn Thomas, the author, to narrate. Even if it seemed to me that Mr. Thomas searched for effect more anxiously than in his previous programmes, his way with idiom and rhythm was so disarming that one accepted the affair gratefully—just as the town had taken the news of its band's choice to play in Paris. That is to say, 'Vive L'Oompa!' was 'gulped down like a pint of stingo'. The Welsh cast, under Peter Duval Smith, acted with shrewdness and enthusiasm. The night, in any event, would have been memorable for one phrase. How did the band go to Paris? Why, simply as 'ambassadors of a God-fearing Wales in an essentially anti-chapel population'.

Those last few words might describe the people of Jean Anouilh's 'Ardèle' (Third). The play, a pint of stingo, depends a good deal upon its cast: I have seen it done splendidly in Birmingham and deplorably in London. The odd anecdote of love's labour's lost is often in danger of parodying itself; on the air it was acted sharply and well, with that grand player, Miles Malleson, to fill out the part of the General (something that cannot be treated laboriously). Anouilh piles it on here; but Mr. Malleson is one of the actors able to make it acceptable.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Frankly Speaking

IT IS MY DUTY—isn't it—to speak frankly about the broadcasts I listen to, but it is a duty that must be used discreetly by a critic of the Spoken Word. He will be unwise, of course, to ignore the law of libel—that goes without saying, but he

will be unwise, too, to persist unduly in adverse criticism of any particular type of programme because, if he does, he will end by producing the impression that he has a spite against it, and when that happens he will lose the reader's confidence. It was to avoid this misfortune that, after falling foul of several numbers of 'Frankly Speaking' a year or so ago, I closed down on the subject. Actually I have no prejudice against the broadcast interview, but it is, undeniably, a very risky form. Like violin-playing, unless it is very well done it stirs horribly uncomfortable feelings in the listener, and most of the interviews I listened to at that time were not, I thought, well done. It takes two to make a quarrel and two, or in this case four, to make an interview, and so failure may come from either side or from both—a risky business indeed.

The new series had reached number six when I switched on last week, and I will confess that I did so because I saw that J. B. Priestley was to be the victim, and it would be a strange team, I thought, that could freeze Mr. Priestley. But this team played its part well. Their questions were of a kind to elicit willing response and Mr. Priestley responded generously. But even if they had been trivial or indiscreet, as they too often were in the past, I feel pretty sure things would have gone well because Mr. Priestley is an excellent talker and, if his drivers had proved inefficient, he would certainly have taken the bit between his teeth and given us our money's worth. He protested vigorously against the 'bluff, hearty, jolly fellow' he is reputed to be and I agree that those adjectives need editing. Why not 'frank', 'warm-hearted', and would 'jovial' be going too far? Actually, he confessed, he is shy and sensitive, but these qualities are not, surely, incompatible with the others?

Two days later we were shown a portrait—an oil painting it might be called since it lasted an hour—of W. T. Stead. The reason for its title, 'The Running Man', was that Stead, when proceeding on foot, never walked, always ran. Allan Prior, author of the programme, certainly succeeded in presenting a convincingly lifelike character, and the impression was reinforced by Laidman Browne who endowed Stead with the torrential Northumbrian speech which he doubtless owed to his father the Congregational Minister. In early life he began writing letters to the newspapers, and with such effect that at the age of twenty-two he was appointed editor of *The Northern Echo*, into which he introduced such revolutionary changes in English journalism as headlines, illustrations, the use of the first person singular, and a vigorous plain-speaking, which drew from Gladstone the statement that to read the *Echo* was 'to dispense with the necessity of reading other papers'. He urged Stead to 'continue to speak out'. In 1880 Stead left the *Echo* in search of a more important job in London and soon he was assistant editor to John Morley on *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Morley gave him much good advice. The House of Lords, he told his impetuous assistant, should be treated with 'a gentle irony', and he recommended the excellent rule: 'Never shout when talking will do'.

Three years later Stead became editor of the *Pall Mall*, and by 1885 he was said to be the most powerful man in England. In this year he discovered that in the London slums there was a trade in young girls, sold by their parents for immoral purposes, and he at once devoted six numbers of the *Pall Mall* to exposing the scandal. The Home Secretary asked him to discontinue the articles but he refused and, to prove the truth of his revelations, he himself arranged for the purchase of a girl and in consequence was imprisoned in Holloway for three months. The result of these activities was the

passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Stead, in fact, as the programme showed him, was a modern knight-errant who attacked what he felt to be wrong without the smallest regard for the consequences. Do such men exist nowadays? It seems appropriate to his brave and tempestuous career that it should end in the wreck of the *Titanic*. It was a most stirring programme.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Solemn and Not So Solemn

WE FLIT, THESE NIGHTS, from festival to festival, from Bayreuth to Salzburg, and back through time to Holland. Bank holiday evening was filled with Pfitzner's 'Palestrina' relayed from the *Salzburger Festspiel Neunzehnhundert-fünf-und-fünfzig*, as the announcers reiterated in half-a-dozen languages. When at last the long, slow proceedings began, I settled down earnestly to revise previous opinion of this obviously estimable and by some highly esteemed work. Alas! boredom soon kept breaking in and I was ready to echo the character who asked 'Warum das ganze Spiel?'

'Palestrina' seems to me a notable instance of the ineffectualness of high aspirations, utter sincerity, and even a good measure of literary skill, when unsupported by a strong musical invention and what is called 'a sense of the theatre'. As Desmond Shawe-Taylor said in his admirably informative introduction to the performance, the libretto written by the composer makes good reading as a piece of literature. The scene of the Council of Trent is a wonderfully convincing picture of any international congress from the Amphictyonic Council to the League of Nations, with its flashes of idealism, selfishness, intolerance, and national *amour propre*.

But what has most of this immense-act to do with the subject of the opera, which is the salvation of church music by Palestrina? That item on the agenda gets hopelessly submerged by the personal, political, and international squabbles—which may be true to life but is not true art. Moreover, throughout the libretto most of the speeches are far too long, leaving 'no stone unturned, no avenue unexplored', for musical setting. And, which is the main, indeed the only really important, thing, it is all set to music in the slow declamatory style of the less interesting part of Pogner's speech to the Musicians' Guild in the first act of 'Die Meistersinger'. Rarely do the words take fire from the music—I noted one point in the scene with the ghosts, where Palestrina's 'starbt Ihr nicht schön?' suddenly came to life amid the dead, dull phrases. Even the composition of the famous Mass, dictated to Palestrina by angel-voices, did not seem to me to achieve anything more than a worthy imitation of an exalted mood. And when one compares the final scene between the composer and Borromeo with the similar passages between Mathis the painter and his cardinal-patron—need I say more?

Pfitzner's opera could hardly have been presented in a more favourable light than on this occasion. In the first place, it was conducted by Rudolf Kempe, whose every performance goes to confirm one's high opinion of his exceptional musicianship and high technical ability as a conductor. He lets us hear all that is going on in the orchestra while giving the singers on the stage a support which must make their tasks as easy as possible. In the second place, the part of Palestrina was sung by Max Lorenz, who brought to it not only great sincerity of feeling but also an intellectual grasp of what it was all about. If anything could have convinced me that this was an operatic masterpiece, it was this

performance. And there was Paul Schöffler's admirable Börromeo, most admirable in the absolute clarity of his diction which set an example not always followed by his brother-cardinals in council. The parts of Ighino and Silla, the only feminine voices, apart from the angels and Lucrezia's ghost, to give relief in these strictly celibate surroundings, were well sung by Elisabeth Söderström and Jean Madeira.

Pfitzner seems to have identified himself with Palestrina as a saviour of music from 'destruction' by the forces of modern progress—by that dreadful, vulgar fellow-Münchener, Richard Strauss? Or, perhaps, that even more dreadful fellow, Schönberg, with his new-fangled, intellectual theories? Alas! the worthy man would have benefited by a touch of Strauss' worldly

wisdom and stage-craft, and of Schönberg's terseness and intelligence.

As it is, I will risk adding to my nicknames that of 'old Polonius', by avowing that I found much more enjoyment in Rossini's jiggling tale of bawdry about the Italian lady and the Bey of Algiers. Rossini had no higher aspiration than to amuse his audience. And amuse it he still does, when his music is sung with such enjoyment of it as was evinced by the singers in the performance broadcast last Saturday.

This bubbling humour, communicating itself to us even through the handicap of recording and reproduction, was ample compensation for some shortcomings in the performance. The orchestra, for instance, played the overture in a manner that would have been creditable in the

pier pavilion on an August Saturday night, but was hardly what one expects of a grand international festival. There was an almost piercingly shrill Elvira, who aroused sympathy with Mustapha's wish to be rid of her, and a tenor who sang consistently at the top of his very agreeable voice. And dare I suggest that Giulietta Simionato's voice has become just a little rough? What matter, if she can, unseen, put across to us so much of the fun of this absurdity? The equivocal humours of the initiation of Mustapha into the Ancient Order of Pappatace came over well, thanks to the solemn tone affected by Mario Petri, who was ably seconded by Marcello Cortis and the rest of the company.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Early Stuart Church Music

By PETER LE HURAY

The first of six programmes of early Stuart church music will be broadcast in the Third Programme on Wednesday, August 24, at 6.50 p.m.

THE early Stuart period is of unusual interest to the musical historian, for cathedral chapter records and other similar contemporary documents throw many unexpected, and often very amusing, sidelights upon the church music and musicians of the time. Since much of our greatest church music was written during the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, it has naturally been assumed in the past that choral standards in the cathedrals were equally high. A close examination of the situation, however, reveals that they were in fact very far from perfect.

William Whitgift, who was Archbishop of Canterbury at the turn of the century, estimated that only 600 out of a total of 9,000 benefices in England and Wales were sufficiently well endowed to provide for the needs of an educated priest. It can cause little surprise, therefore, that organists and choirmen were often sadly underpaid. Neither can it be wondered at that cathedrals were obliged, from time to time, to engage unskilled and undisciplined musicians, for, to quote Archbishop Laud, 'nothing about the Church can florish without some proportional reward to service'. Even choral services at St. Paul's seem to have been conducted in a very casual and leisurely fashion, as the Bishop of London found out to his disgust when he visited the cathedral in 1598. 'We be for the most part of us', one of the minor canons admitted,

very slacke in cominge in to the Queere after the bell is towlde: and when we bee there dyvers think the service very longe till they be owte of it agayne. At the singinge of the psalmodie dyvers sitt talkinge, that they may be hearde from one side of the Queere to the other, never almost singinge any parte in the psalms. Furthermore, there is such noyse of children and others in the side chapels and church at the divine service and sermondes, that a man may scarce be heard for noyse of them, and such hallowinge and hoolinge in the steeple above, that it is intollerble to hear at dyvers times.

Most cathedrals were confronted with various problems of this sort. A lay clerk at Canterbury was dismissed because he persistently used his house in the cathedral close for the sale of beer, in defiance of orders from the Dean and Chapter. The cathedrals at Chester and Carlisle were also used as parish churches, with the rather undesirable result that sung and said services took place simultaneously in the same buildings. The Dean and Chapter of Norwich were suspected, with some justification, of embezzling the choir funds, whilst organists at Wells and Peterborough were dismissed for gross

incompetence. Lest it be thought that these are isolated examples of incompetence and misbehaviour, it is worth quoting a short passage from Thomas Morley's *A Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music*, which suggests that the author himself had often been obliged to listen to ruinous performances of his own church music. 'The matter', he declared,

is now come to that state, that though a song be never so well made, yet shall you hardly find a singer to express it as it ought to be; for most of our churchmen, so they can cry louder in the choir than their fellows, care for no more, whereas, by the contrary, they ought to study how to vowel and sing clean, expressing their words with devotion and passion, whereby to draw the hearers, as it were, in chains of gold to the consideration of holy things.

Although Morley was organist of St. Paul's at this time, he was also, significantly enough, a 'Gentleman' (i.e., a singing-man) of the Chapel Royal. The importance of the Chapel during this period, and, indeed, its importance in the history of English music before 1600, can hardly be over-emphasised. Much of the finest Tudor and Stuart church music was written by its organists and singing-men, amongst whom were Byrd, Gibbons, Weelkes, and Tomkins, to name only the greatest. The reason for the Chapel's pre-eminence is not hard to find. Successive monarchs clearly set much store upon the maintenance of good standards in the household music, and were prepared to pay their musicians accordingly. Cathedral choirs, on the other hand, were supported by fixed endowments, and these had often seriously diminished in value since the time of their settlement at the Reformation. Salaries of the 'Gentlemen', therefore, were anything from four to ten times as high as those of provincial lay clerks and minor canons. 'Gentlemen' were paid a minimum of £40 a year, while lay clerks at Gloucester, for example, received only £2 19s. 2d. and some small allowance for food and lodgings.

During the sixteen-thirties, under Archbishop Laud's energetic administration, great efforts were made to improve the lot of church musicians. Many sinecures were abolished, and the sizes of many cathedral establishments were reduced, the incomes from these redundant places being redistributed amongst deserving choirmen. The Civil War came, unfortunately, before these reforms could take full effect, not of course that many choirs would ever have been in a position to challenge the musical excellence of the Chapel Royal.

During the first seventy years of the seventeenth century the style of English music under-

went a radical transformation. Men of conservative taste, such as John Evelyn, complained that many post-Restoration services and anthems were better suited to a tavern or a playhouse than to a church. Ironically enough, this secularisation may in part be laid to the charge of the Puritans, for if the choral traditions of the Established Church had not been interrupted by the Civil War it is doubtful whether Evelyn would have found such cause for dissatisfaction. William Child, for instance, who was one of the most progressive of the pre-Commonwealth composers, still based his style very largely upon the techniques of the great Tudor polyphonists. Matthew Locke, on the other hand, who was probably the most important musical figure in England immediately after the Restoration, drew the greater part of his inspiration from French and Italian sources. The eighteenth-century musician, Thomas Tudway, considered that this change was due in no small measure to Charles II. 'His Majesty who was a brisk and airy Prince', he wrote, 'coming to the Crown in the flow'r and vigour of his Age, was soon ty'd with the grave and solemn way. And ordere'd the Composers of his Chappell to add symphonys etc. with Instruments to their Anthems; and therupon Establis'd a select number of his private music to play the symphonys and Retornellos which he had appointed'.

In the last programme of the broadcast series the orchestra will play the symphonies and 'Retornellos' of two of Locke's verse anthems, both of which the King heard in the Chapel at Whitehall, soon after the Restoration. Listeners will then be able to judge for themselves to what extent Locke departed from the traditions of the early Stuart composers. I think we shall agree that it would be hard to find a greater contrast in style.

Little of the music to be broadcast will have been heard before, although the names of many of the composers will undoubtedly be familiar: the first broadcast, for instance, will include a fine verse anthem for voices, organ and strings by John Bull, and later in the series a newly transcribed full anthem by Orlando Gibbons will be heard. There will be music, too, by many lesser-known composers: organ music and anthems by Lugg, Davies, and Palmer, and, from Ely, a Christmas anthem 'for voices and viols' by a former organist of the cathedral, John Amner. In the same programme the choir will sing Michael East's 'When David heard that Absalom was slain', one of several settings of David's lament for Absalom to be included in the series.



Eight cats tied up in a sack, some dead, some dying, were discovered by the Police, in the possession of two men arrested in London. The R.S.P.C.A. traced many of the unfortunate owners, and awarded the Society's medal to the two policemen concerned. **There's a market for cats.** Don't risk your pet's life by leaving him out overnight. Help the R.S.P.C.A. to help all animals by sending a donation, by leaving a legacy, or by offering to have a collecting box. Write to:—The Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., (Dept. L), 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. No. Whitehall 7117.

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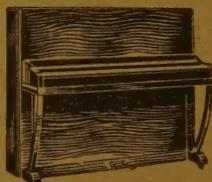
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For the Housewife

French Ways with Peas

By LOUISE DAVIES

WHEN you are buying green peas, buy at the same time a few onions and a small, round lettuce. From that, some of you will gather, and rightly, that I am going to recommend a French way of cooking green peas. No plain boiling in salted water for the French. Instead, they serve green peas floating with tiny onions and lettuce leaves in a delicate, buttery juice. The secret of this dish is not to add too much water.

You will need, to 2 lb. of peas, one large onion, a good knob of butter, and a small, round lettuce. For seasoning, pepper and salt, and—if you like, for that added touch—a *bouquet garni*.

This is the method: you shell the peas and put them into a saucepan with the butter, seasonings, and cut-up onion. (We cannot generally obtain the tiny button-onions in this country, but a larger onion cut into four or six will do.) Trim the lettuce, wash it well and put it, whole and dripping wet, on top of the peas, onions, and butter. The liquid from the wet lettuce and the fat should be almost sufficient to cook the peas; you will need to add only another spoonful or so of water. Then put a lid—really tight fitting—on to the pan, and simmer the peas till they are tender. Glance at them from time to time to make sure they are not boiling dry. If necessary add a little more hot water. Just before serving, sprinkle on a good pinch of castor sugar.

Here is another recipe almost exactly the same, but it introduces other vegetables as well as peas. Put into the saucepan not only the peas and cut-up onion but also cut-up turnip, carrot, and new potatoes. Then, as before, add the butter, seasonings, *bouquet garni*, the dripping wet lettuce, and a few spoonfuls of water. Put the lid on really tightly and simmer till all the vegetables are cooked.

Here is a cheap, but really satisfying, supper dish: peas and dumplings. It consists of cooked green peas simmered with light dumplings in a milky liquid which is fragrant with onions and mint. For three or four people, shell about 2lb. of peas and boil till they are tender. The dumplings are just spoonfuls of a rather thick batter—the ordinary Yorkshire pudding kind of batter: beaten up eggs, milk and flour. For the liquid, fry one thinly sliced onion in butter until it is soft but not browned. Add plenty of chopped mint, a teaspoon of brown sugar, seasoning, and about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pint of milk. Bring it to the boil and put in the freshly cooked peas, and—most important—make sure the liquid is still boiling when you drop in spoonfuls of the thick batter.

Put the lid on the pan and simmer gently until the dumplings are puffed up and cooked—that will take about 7 to 10 minutes. Turn them over once or twice while they are cooking. Serve very hot. You will probably need a soup

plate, because there should be plenty of fragrant liquor.—*Home Service*

Birds, especially budgerigars, have become increasingly popular pets in this country. Those who keep them will welcome the new and revised edition of *Aviaries, Bird-rooms, and Cages*, by L. P. Luke and Allen Silver (Cage Birds, 7s. 6d.). Suggestions are offered both to those who want to make their own aviary and to those who propose to buy one; and everything which affects the welfare of its occupants is discussed. There is a useful chapter on the choice of birds best suited to aviary life.

Notes on Contributors

T. C. THOMAS (page 203): Lecturer in Law, Cambridge University

ROBERT BOYD (page 205): Lecturer in Physics, London University; co-editor of *Rocket Exploration of the Upper Atmosphere*; member of the Rocket Sub-committee of the Royal Society

JOHN MCLEISH (page 206): Lecturer in Adult Education, Leeds University

SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE (page 221): Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Windward Islands 1942-48; of the Seychelles 1936-42; formerly District Officer, then Resident Commissioner, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands; author of *A Pattern of Islands*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,319.

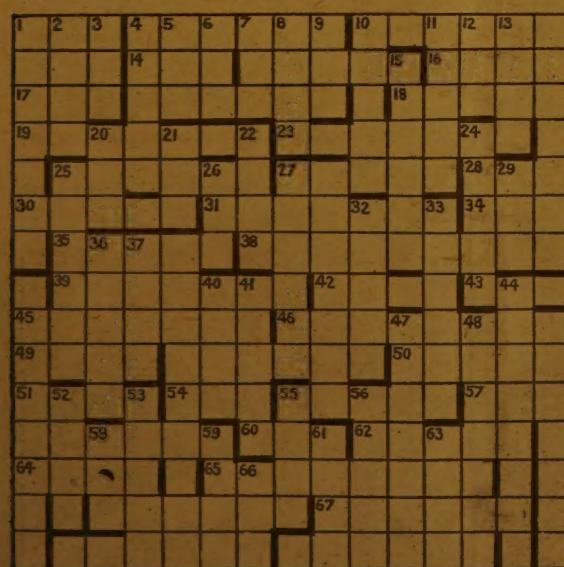
Sorry, Jim; You're Out!

By Pim

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 18. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The unclued words (which include one place name) are to be obtained, by slight alteration, from the participants in a celebrated odyssey. The alteration consists of one letter in each Across light and two letters in each Down light. Numbered clues are normal.



CLUES—ACROSS

1. Rural rider started off with this horse (3)
10. Ninety nine after one who silently steals away (6)
14. Scrambled eggs current in Scandinavia (3)
16. This may be caustic (4)
17. Beginning of 46A reversed (3)
18. Song for a short girl in the afternoon? (5)
19. Spenser's exciting! (7)
23. Ease the broken lever that is inside (7)
27. Pernicious weed! whose — the fair annoys' (Cowper) (5)
28. Charm of the robin (3)
30. Spiritual house on high? (5)
31. One who puts on some rip (7)
34. Dehydrated station (3)
35. Coiled snake (5)
38. Though foolish, is he the embodiment of unpretentious fashion? (9)
39. Pass over the Alps (7)
42. A rag, part of the staff entertainment (4)
43. A country is lacking in spring (3)
45. Rye pest symbolises again (7)
48. Deletions stable in more than one age (8)
49. Cuts down increases without a point (4)
50. Detective or flower? (5)
51. You may put your shirt on this (4)
54. Unit of the Grenadier Guards (3)
57. Join the American sleeper (3)
60. A letter on eternity (3)
62. Turn a tuber that can be eaten (5)
64. 'Curses, not — but deep' (Macbeth) (4)
65. Washing built on a transformation (8)
67. A swan on the river may mean to increase (6)

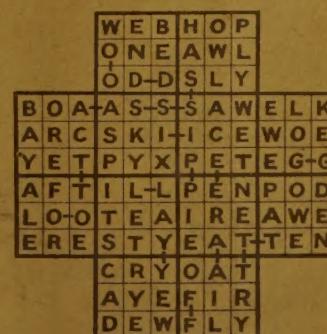
DOWN

2. Love letter concerning Parson Bowden's parish (4)
3. Not part of a main battle (3)
4. Going the limit (5)
5. The vessel has run amok (3)
6. Started without a leading performer to make hay (3)
7. Soak up thrice musically (3)
8. — the left' expressed Victorian disbelief (4)
9. This Jersey tea is red-root (3)
10. Imbecile from the caravan I left (5)
11. Property that may be affected by frost (5)

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Solution of No. 1,317



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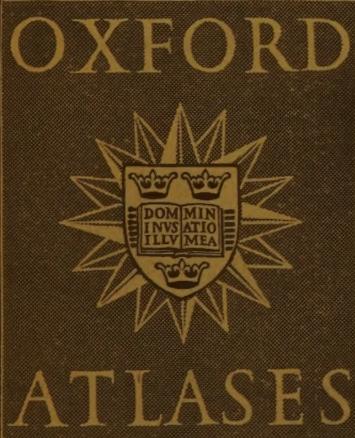
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